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WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

IN an easterly direction from England, and separated from it by the German Ocean, lies that part of the continent called by the general name of the Netherlands—a country of comparatively small extent, but exceedingly populous, and possessing a large number of towns and cities. It derives the name of Netherlands from its consisting of a low tract of level ground on the shore of the German Ocean, and, from general appearances, is believed to have been formed of an alluvial deposit from the waters of the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and other rivers. In the first stage of its formation, the land was for the greater part a species of swamp, but by dint of great perseverance, it has in the course of ages been drained and embanked, so as to exclude the ocean, and prevent the rivers and canals from overflowing their boundaries.

The industriously disposed people, a branch of the great German or Teutonic family, who have thus rendered their country habitable and productive, did not get leave to enjoy their conquests in peace. They had from an early period to defend themselves against warlike neighbours, who wished to appropriate their country; and in later times—the sixteenth century—after attaining great opulence by their skill in the arts and the general integrity of their character, they were exposed to a new calamity in the bigotry of their rulers. There now ensued a struggle for civil and religious liberty of great

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importance and interest; and to an account of its leading particulars we propose to devote the present paper.

Divided into a number of provinces, each governed by its own duke, count, or bishop, a succession of circumstances in the fifteenth century brought the whole of the Netherlands into the possession of the family of Burgundy. But in the year 1477, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, being killed in the battle of Nancy, the Netherlands were inherited by his daughter Mary, who, marrying Maximilian, son of Frederick III., emperor of Austria, died soon after, leaving an infant son, Philip. In 1494, this Philip, known by the name of Philip the Fair, assumed the government of the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards he married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns of Spain; and in 1506 he died, leaving a young son, Charles. In this manner, handed by family inheritance from one to another, the Netherlands became a possession of the crown of Spain, although hundreds of miles distant from the Spanish territory. Charles, in whom this possession centered, was, on the death of Maximilian in 1519, elected emperor of Germany, and, under the title of Charles V., became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe. His sway extended over Spain, Germany, Naples, the Netherlands, and several other minor states in Europe, besides all the colonies and conquests of Spain in Asia, Africa, and America. One might expect that the Netherlands, forming as they did but a very insignificant portion of this immense empire, would suffer from being under the same government with so many other states; but Charles V. had been born in the Netherlands; he liked its people, and was acquainted with their character; and therefore, while he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, he respected almost lovingly the ancient laws and the strong liberty-feeling of his people of the Netherlands. The only exception of any consequence was his persecution of those who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. As emperor of Germany, he had conceived himself bound to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the opinions promulgated by Luther; and when, in spite of his efforts, the heresy spread all round, and infected the Netherlands, he did his best for some time to root it out there also. The number of those who, in the Netherlands, suffered death for their religion during the reign of Charles V., is stated by the old historians at 50,000. Towards the end of his reign, however, he relaxed these severities.

In 1555, Charles V., worn out by the cares of his long reign, resigned his sovereignty, and retired to a monastery. His large empire was now divided into two. His brother Ferdinand was created emperor of Germany; and the rest of his dominions, including Spain and the Netherlands, were inherited by his son, Philip II.

Philip was born at Valladolid, in Spain, in the year 1521.

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Educated by the ablest ecclesiastics, he manifested from his early years a profound, cautious, dissimulating genius; a cold, proud, mirthless disposition; and an intense bigotry on religious subjects. At the age of sixteen he married a princess of Portugal, who died soon after, leaving him a son, Don Carlos. In 1548, Charles V., desirous that his son should cultivate the good-will of his future subjects of the Netherlands, called him from Spain to Brussels; but during his residence there, and in other cities of the Netherlands, his conduct was so haughty, austere, and unbending, that the burghers began to dread the time when, instead of their own countryman Charles, they should have this foreigner for their king. In 1554, Philip, pursuing his father's scheme for adding England to the territories of the Spanish crown, went to London and married Mary, queen of England; but after a residence of fourteen months, he returned to the Netherlands, where his father formally resigned the government into his hands.

Philip spent the first five years of his reign in the Netherlands, waiting the issue of a war in which he was engaged with France. During this period his Flemish and Dutch subjects began to have some experience of his government. They observed with alarm that the king hated the country, and distrusted its people. He would speak no other language than Spanish; his counsellors were Spaniards; he kept Spaniards alone about his person; and it was to Spaniards that all vacant posts were assigned. Besides, certain of his measures gave great dissatisfaction. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants, which his father in the end of his reign had suffered to fall into disuse; and the severities which ensued began to drive hundreds of the most useful citizens out of the country, as well as to injure trade, by deterring Protestant merchants from the Dutch and Flemish ports. Dark hints, too, were thrown out that he intended to establish an ecclesiastical court in the Netherlands similar to the Spanish Inquisition, and the spirit of Catholics as well as of Protestants revolted from the thought that this chamber of horrors should ever become one of the institutions of their free land. He had also increased the number of the bishops in the Netherlands from five to seventeen; and this was regarded as the mere appointment of twelve persons devoted to the Spanish interest, who would help, if necessary, to overawe the people. Lastly, he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and this was a direct violation of a fundamental law of the country. Against these measures the nobles and citizens complained bitterly, and from them drew sad anticipations of the future. Nor were they more satisfied with the address in which, through the bishop of Arras as his spokesman, he took farewell of them at a convention of the states held at Ghent previous to his departure for Spain. The oration recommended severity against heresy, and only promised the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The reply of the states was firm and bold, and the

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recollection of it must have rankled afterwards in the revengeful mind of Philip. 'I would rather be no king at all,' he said to one of his ministers at the time, 'than have heretics for my subjects.' But suppressing his resentment in the meantime, he set sail for Spain in August 1559, leaving his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V., to act as his viceroy in the Netherlands.

The duchess was to be assisted in the government by a Council of State, consisting of the six following persons: Antony de Granvelle, bishop of Arras, and afterwards a cardinal; the Count de Barlaimont, Viglius de Quichem, the Count Horn, the Count Egmont, and the Prince of Orange. Three of these, Granvelle, Barlaimont, and Viglius, were devoted to the Spanish interest, and were therefore very unpopular in the Netherlands; the others were men of tried patriotism, from whose presence in the council much good might be expected. Granvelle was a man of extraordinary political abilities, and the fit minister of such a king as the moody and scheming Philip; Barlaimont had also distinguished himself; and in all the country there was not so eminent a lawyer as Viglius. Counts Egmont and Horn were two of the most promising men in the Netherlands, and both of them had rendered services of no ordinary kind to Philip by their conduct in the war with France. Of the Prince of Orange, the principal personage in this struggle, and the true hero of the Netherlands, we must speak more particularly.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, sometimes called William I., was born at the castle of Dillenburg, in Germany, in 1533. He was the son of William, Count of Nassau, and the heir therefore of the large possessions of the House of Nassau in France and Germany, and in the Netherlands. At the age of eleven years he had succeeded, besides, to the French principedom of Orange, by the will of his cousin René of Nassau; so that before he arrived at manhood, he was one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Europe. William was educated in the principles of the Reformation; but having entered, when quite a boy, into the employment of the Emperor Charles V., he changed the habits of a Protestant for those of a Roman Catholic; and accordingly, at the time at which we introduce him to our readers, he was conscientiously a Catholic, although by no means a bigoted, nor even perhaps what the Spaniards would have called a sound one. The Emperor Charles, who, like all such men, possessed a shrewd insight into character, and could pick out by a glance the men of mind and talent from among those who came within his notice, had from the first singled out the young Prince of Orange as a person from whom great things were to be expected. Accordingly, in the employment of Charles, Prince William had had ample opportunities of displaying the two kinds of ability then most in request, and which every public man of that age, except he were an ecclesiastic, was required to combine—diplomatic and military talent. While yet scarcely more than

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twenty years of age, he had risen to be the first man in the emperor's regard. And this liking of Charles for him was not merely of that kind which an elderly and experienced man sometimes contracts for a fresh-hearted and enthusiastic youth; it was a real friendship on equal terms; for so highly did he value the prudence and wisdom of the young warrior and politician, that he confided to him the greatest state secrets; and was often heard to say that from the Prince of Orange he had received many very important political hints. It was on the arm of William of Orange that Charles had leant for support on the memorable day when, in the Assembly of the States at Brussels, he rose feebly from his seat, and declared his abdication of the sovereign power. And it is said that one of Charles's last advices to his son Philip was to cultivate the good-will of the people of the Netherlands, and especially to defer to the counsels of the Prince of Orange. When, therefore, in the year 1555, Philip began his rule in the Netherlands, there were few persons who were either better entitled or more truly disposed to act the part of faithful and loyal advisers than William of Nassau, then twenty-two years of age. But close as had been William's relation to the late emperor, there were stronger principles and feelings in his mind than gratitude to the son of the man he had loved. He had thought deeply on the question, how a nation should be governed, and had come to entertain opinions very hostile to arbitrary power; he had observed what appeared to him, even as a Catholic, gross blunders in the mode of treating religious differences; he had imbibed deeply the Dutch spirit of independence; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy. Nor was he at all a visionary, or a man whose activity would be officious and troublesome; he was eminently a practical man, one who had a strong sense of what is expedient in existing circumstances; and his manner was so grave and quiet, that he obtained the name of William the Silent. Still, many things occurred during Philip's five years' residence in the Netherlands to make him speak out and remonstrate. He was one of those who had tried to persuade the king to use gentler and more popular measures, and the consequence was, that a decided aversion grew up in the dark and haughty mind of Philip to the Prince of Orange.

PERSECUTIONS COMMENCE.

Having thus introduced the Prince of Orange to the reader, we return to the history of the Netherlands, which were now under the local management of the Duchess of Parma. The administration of this female viceroy produced violent discontent. The persecutions of the Protestants were becoming so fierce that, over and above the suffering inflicted on individuals, the commerce of the country was sensibly falling off. The establishment of a court like the Inquisition

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was still in contemplation ; Spaniards were still appointed to places of trust in preference to Flemings ; and finally, the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been removed long ago, were still burdening the country with their presence. The woes of the people were becoming intolerable ; occasionally there were slight outbreaks of violence ; and a low murmur of vehement feeling ran through the whole population, foreboding a general eruption. 'Our poor fatherland,' they said to each other ; 'God has afflicted it with two enemies, water and Spaniards : we have built dykes, and overcome the one, but how shall we get rid of the other ? Why, if nothing better occur, we know one way at least, and we shall keep it in reserve—we can set the two enemies against each other. We can break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them.' Granvelle was the object of their special hatred : to him they attributed every unpopular measure. At length a confederacy of influential persons was formed to procure his recall ; the Prince of Orange placed himself at the head of it ; and, by persevering effort, it succeeded in its end, and Granvelle left the Netherlands early in 1564.

The recall of Granvelle did not restore tranquillity. Viglius and Barlaumont continued to act in the same spirit. Private communications from Spain directed the regent to follow their advice, and to disregard the counsels of the Orange party ; and the obnoxious edicts against the Protestants were still put in force. About this time, too, the decrees of the famous Council of Trent, which had been convened in 1545 to take into consideration the state of the church and the means of suppressing the Reformation, and which had closed its sittings in the end of 1563, were made public ; and Philip, the most zealous Catholic of his time, issued immediate orders for their being enforced both in Spain and the Netherlands. In Spain the decrees were received as a matter of course ; but at the announcement that they were to be executed in the Netherlands, the whole country burst out in a storm of indignation. In many places the decrees were not executed at all ; and wherever the authorities did attempt to execute them, the people rose and compelled them to desist.

In this dilemma the regent resolved to send an ambassador to Spain, to represent the state of affairs to Philip better than could be done in writing, and to receive his instructions how she should proceed. Count Egmont was the person chosen ; because, in addition to his great merits as a subject of Philip, he was one of the most popular noblemen in the Netherlands. Setting out for Spain early in 1565, he was received by Philip in the most courteous manner, loaded with marks of kindness, and dismissed with a thorough conviction that the king intended to pursue a milder policy in the future government of the Low Countries. Philip, however, had but deceived him ; and at the time when he was flattering him with hopes of concessions, he was despatching orders to the regent strictly

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to put in force the decrees of the Council of Trent, and in all things to carry out the king's resolute purpose of extinguishing heresy in the Netherlands. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Horn and Egmont protest that a civil war would be the consequence; in vain did the people lament, threaten, and murmur: the decrees were republished, and the inquisitors began to select their victims. All that the three patriotic noblemen could do was to retire from the council, and wash their hands of the guilt which the government was incurring. There were others, however, who, impatient of the inflictions with which Philip's obstinacy was visiting the country, resolved on a bolder, and, as it appeared, less considerate mode of action. A political club or confederacy was organised among the nobility, for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. They bound themselves by a solemn oath 'to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition, whether it were attempted openly or secretly, or by whatever name it should be called,' and also to protect and defend each other from all the consequences which might result from their having formed this league.

Perplexed and alarmed, the regent implored the Prince of Orange and his two associates, Counts Egmont and Horn, to return to the council and give her their advice. They did so; and a speech of the Prince of Orange, in which he asserted strongly the utter folly of attempting to suppress opinion by force, and argued that 'such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests it rusts, but whoever rubs it whets it,' had the effect of inclining the regent to mitigate the ferocity of her former edicts. Meanwhile the confederates were becoming bolder and more numerous. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they walked in procession through the streets to the palace of the regent, where they were admitted to an interview. In reply to their petition, she said that she was very willing to send one or more persons to Spain to lay the complaints before the king. Obligated to be content with this answer, the confederates withdrew. Next day, three hundred of them met at a grand entertainment given to them by one of their number. Among other things, it was debated what name they should assume. 'Oh,' said one of them, 'did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, when he was standing by her side, that she need not be afraid "of such a set of beggars?" Let us call ourselves *The Beggars*; we could not find a better name.' The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to; and, amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled and shattered their glasses to the toast, 'Long live the Beggars!' (*Gueux*). In the full spirit of the freak, the host sent out for a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl; and slinging the wallet across his back amidst clamours of applause, he drank from the bowl, and declared he would lose life and fortune for the great cause of the Beggars. The bowl went round, and all made the same enthusiastic declaration. From that day the *Gueux*, or Beggars, became the

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name of the faction ; and every one wore the wallet, or some other symbol of mendicancy.

While the nobles and influential persons were thus preparing to co-operate, in case of a collision with the Spanish government, a sudden and disastrous movement occurred among the lower classes. In times of general excitement, it frequently happens that malice or accident casts abroad among the people some wild and incredible rumour ; such was the case on the present occasion. Intelligence spread with rapidity through the towns and cities of Flanders that the regent had given her permission for the public exercise of the Protestant form of worship ; multitudes poured out into the fields after their preachers ; congregations of many thousands assembled ; and the local authorities found themselves powerless. A great proportion of these congregations were doubtless pious and peacefully-disposed Protestants ; but taking advantage of the ferment, many idle and disorderly persons joined them, and by their efforts the general cause was disgraced. In Tournay, Ypres, Valenciennes, and other towns, the mob of real or assumed Protestants broke into the churches, and destroyed the altars and all the symbols of worship in the Roman Catholic ritual. Antwerp was for some time protected from similar outrages by the presence of the Prince of Orange ; but when he was summoned by the regent to Brussels, the fury of the people broke out unrestrained. The great cathedral was the principal object of their dislike. Rushing to it in thousands, they shattered the painted windows with stones, tore down the images, and dashed them against the pavement ; slit up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For many days the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, as they were called, continued their ravages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. The contagion was spreading likewise in Zealand and Holland, and more than 400 churches had been destroyed, when the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and other patriotic noblemen, then at Brussels in consultation with the regent, both vexed at the outrages themselves, and fearful that the cause of liberty in the Netherlands might suffer from them, hastened into their respective provinces, and partly by force, partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order. It is deeply to be regretted that such excesses should have stained the sacred cause of liberty ; but this was an age when little was known of religious toleration, the uppermost sect, whatever it was, making it almost a duty to oppress the others. For these outrages, we presume, the Protestants of the Netherlands in the present day are as sorry as are the Roman Catholics for the unjustifiable cruelties perpetrated in their name.

After the interview between the Gueux and the regent mentioned above, an ambassador had been sent to Philip in Spain to detail grievances. Instead of deferring to his representations, Philip and

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his counsellors, one of whom was Granvelle, were resolutely preparing means to crush the confederacy, and break the proud spirit of the Netherlands. Secret orders were given for the collection of troops ; the regent was to be instructed to amuse the patriots until the means of punishing them were ready ; and in a short time, it was hoped, there would no longer be a patriot or a heretic in the Low Countries. It is easy to conceive with what rage and bitterness of heart Philip, while indulging these dreams, must have received intelligence of the terrible doings of the Iconoclasts. But, as cautious and dissimulating as he was obstinate and revengeful, he concealed his intentions in the meantime, announced them to the regent only in secret letters and despatches, and held out hopes in public to the patriots and the people of the Netherlands that he was soon to pay them a visit in person to inquire into the condition of affairs.

It has never been clearly ascertained by what means it was that the Prince of Orange contrived to obtain intelligence of Philip's most secret plans and purposes ; but certain it is that nothing passed in the cabinet at Madrid which did not find its way to the ears of the prince. Philip's intentions with regard to the Netherlands became known to him by means of a letter to the regent from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, a copy of which he had procured. The prince had hitherto endeavoured to act as a loyal subject ; but this letter made it plain that it was time to be making preparations for a decided rupture. His first step, therefore, was to hold a conference with four other noblemen—namely, his brother, Louis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraten. He laid the letter before them, and the effect was as might have been expected on all of them, except Count Egmont ; for, by some infatuation, this nobleman, mindful of the kindness he had experienced from Philip when visiting him as ambassador, persisted in believing that the king's designs were really conciliatory. In vain the prince argued with him ; the count would not be convinced, and the conference was broken up. Meantime the people, warned by the prince of the approach of an army, began to emigrate in great numbers ; and, after waiting to the last moment, William himself, in April 1567, withdrew with his family to his estates in Germany. Most earnestly did he try to persuade Count Egmont to accompany him ; but his entreaties were to no purpose ; and he left him with these words : ' I tell you, Egmont, you are a bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country ; they will pass over you, and then break you down.'

The man whom Philip had sent into the Netherlands at the head of the army as the fit instrument of his purposes of vengeance, was the Duke of Alva, a personage who united the most consummate military skill with the disposition of a ruffian, ready to undertake any enterprise, however base. Such was the man who, at the age

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of sixty, in the month of August 1567, made his entry into the Netherlands by the province of Luxemburg, at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men. One of his first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and send them prisoners to Ghent. This and other acts convinced the Duchess of Parma that she was no longer the real regent of the Netherlands ; and accordingly, having asked and obtained leave to resign, she quitted the country early in 1568, Alva assuming the government instead.

Now that a grand struggle was to ensue in the Netherlands, we trust our readers clearly understand what it was about. On the one hand was a nation of quiet, orderly people, industrious in a high degree, prosperous in their commerce, and disposed to remain peaceful subjects of a foreign monarch : all they asked was to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship God in the way they preferred. On the other hand was a sovereign, who, unthankful for the blessing of reigning over such a happy and well-disposed nation, and stimulated by passion and bigotry, resolved on compelling them all to be Catholics.

CRUELITIES OF ALVA.

Alva was a suitable instrument to work out Philip's designs. Supported by a powerful army, he was unscrupulous in his persecution. Blood was shed like water ; the scaffolds were crowded with victims ; the prisons filled with men in all the agonies of suspense. He appointed a court, called the Court of Tumults, to investigate with rigour into past offences. The Inquisition also pursued its diabolical vocation without opposition or disguise, covering the land with its black and baleful shadow. Heretics hid their heads, glad if present conformity would save them from the tortures which others were enduring for actions which they had thought forgotten. Above 18,000 persons in all are said to have suffered death by Alva's orders. And thousands more fled from the country, dispersing themselves through France and Germany ; many of them also finding an asylum in England, into which, being kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, they carried those arts and habits which had raised the Flemings high among commercial nations, and which at once incorporated themselves with the genial civilisation of England. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel ; and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner into Spain. But perhaps the most signal act of cruelty in the beginning of Alva's regency was the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. After an imprisonment of nine months, these unfortunate noblemen were brought to a mock trial, and beheaded at Brussels. So popular were they, and so universal was the sympathy for their fate, that even the presence of the executioner,

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and of the spies who surrounded the scaffold, could not prevent the citizens of Brussels from dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood, and treasuring them up as relics.

The Prince of Orange, residing on his family estates of Nassau in Germany, was attentively observing all that was going on in the Netherlands, and making diligent preparations for an attempt in their behalf. He entered into communication with Elizabeth, queen of England, with the leaders of the Huguenots in France, and with the various Protestant princes of Germany; and from all of these he received either actual assistance in men and money, or the promise of future support. To meet the expenses of the expedition he was fitting out, he sold his plate and furniture, and incurred debts on his estates. Having at length assembled a considerable force, he divided it into four armies, each of which was to march into the Netherlands by a different route. Before setting out, however, he thought it necessary to publish a manifesto to the world, in justification of a step so serious as engaging in hostilities with the forces of one whom he had hitherto acknowledged, and still wished to acknowledge, as his sovereign. In this manifesto, also, he made it known that he had changed his religious views: although hitherto a Catholic, he was now convinced that the doctrines of the Protestants were more agreeable to Scripture.

The issue of this first attempt was unfortunate. In several engagements with the enemy, the different bands of patriots were successful. In one of them, Count Adolphus, a brother of the Prince of Orange, was killed in the moment of victory; but at last Alva himself hurrying down to the frontier, the provisions of the prince's army beginning to fail, and winter drawing near, they were compelled to retire. The prince and his brother, Count Louis, led the remains of their army into France, to assist the Huguenots in the meantime, until there should be a better opening into the Netherlands. Alva, prouder of this success than he had been of any of his former victories, returned to Flanders, and caused medals to be struck and monuments to be raised in commemoration of it, and, what was most offensive to all the people, a brass statue of himself, in a heroic attitude, to be erected at Antwerp. Delivered now from the fear of any interruption from the Prince of Orange, he resumed his exactions and his cruelties; and for four years he and the Inquisition carried on the work of persecution and blood. To detail the history of these four years of tyranny is impossible; we can but sketch the line of the principal events, and shew how the minds of the people were ripened for the final struggle.

The Duke of Alva was greatly in want of money to pay his troops, maintain the fortifications of the various towns, and carry on his government; and Alva was not the man to respect, even if the times had been less disturbed than they were, the ancient right which the people of the Netherlands claimed of taxing themselves through

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their Assembly of States. Accordingly, with a soldier-like impatience of indirect taxation, he determined to accumulate a vast sum of money by a very summary process. He imposed three taxes : the first an immediate tax of one per cent. on all property, personal or real ; the second an annual tax of twenty per cent. on all heritable property ; and the third a tax of ten per cent. on every sale or transfer of goods. Crushed and broken-spirited by all that they had already endured, the burghers stood utterly aghast at this new infliction. Persecution for religion's sake was hard to bear, and the Inquisition was very obnoxious, still it was but a portion of the population that actually suffered personally in such cases ; but here was a visitation which came home to every Fleming and every Dutchman, and seemed but a prelude of utter ruin. Three such taxes as these of Governor Alva were never heard of within the memory of man. Utterly amazed and bewildered at first, the burghers at length tried to argue, and singled out the third of the taxes as the special subject of their representations. A tax of ten per cent. on sales of goods would amount in many cases, they said, to the value of the commodities themselves ; since the same commodities were often transferred from one person to another, and from him to a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, before they came into the hands of the consumer. In vain did the states make these remonstrances ; in vain did Viglius, the president of the council, second them ; in vain even did the states offer to pay a large sum in lieu of the proposed taxes. Alva was inexorable. At length the general convention of the states, after procuring a few paltry concessions, was obliged to yield to the imposition of the taxes : on this condition, however, that all the states, without exception, should give in their adherence. This was a condition, as it proved, of singular importance ; for, gifted with greater boldness and resolution than the other provinces, Utrecht refused to comply with the governor's demands ; and, by nobly persevering in its resistance, not only raised a more determined spirit in the other provinces, but delayed the collection of the taxes so long, that in the meantime Alva received instructions from Spain to desist from measures calculated to produce such dangerous results. Alva's conduct, however, had already produced its effects ; and the people of the Netherlands had come to detest the very name of Spain.

The Prince of Orange, who, after a short period of military service on the side of the Protestants in France, had returned to his estates in Germany, was earnestly intent on the condition of affairs in the Netherlands. All that could be done, however, was to harass the Spaniards as much as possible in the meantime, and enter into negotiations with the Protestant powers of other countries, with a view to obtain the means necessary for a bolder conflict. Both these courses of action were adopted by William ; and it is a remarkable characteristic of his whole life, that even when he is

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least heard of, he was busy in secret. While others were marching hither and thither, and performing heroic actions, they were but doing the errands on which he had sent them : it was he who, whether living in retirement in his castle in Nassau, or advancing into the Netherlands by the German frontier, or hovering in his ship on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, was really at the centre of affairs, directing all the movements that were going on, arranging everything, foreseeing everything, taking charge of everything. Of William's military actions—his battles by sea and land—we hear much ; but his real greatness consisted in his prudence, his decision, his fertility in stratagem, his statesmanlike width of view, his vast knowledge of men and of the state of Europe at the time ; and these are qualities which make less noise in history. This peculiarity in the life of the Prince of Orange makes the name of William *the Taciturn*, which his contemporaries gave him, on account of the sparing use he made of speech, doubly significant. The mode of harassing Alva which the prince resolved upon at the period at which we have now arrived, was that of stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose not only of capturing Spanish vessels, but also of seizing on advantageous positions along the shore. Nor was it difficult to obtain such a fleet. The unheard-of severities of Alva's regency had driven numbers of merchants with their ships into the ports of England. For some time the politic Elizabeth permitted them safe harbour and free commerce ; but at last, to prevent an open rupture with Philip, she forbade their reception. Compelled thus to make the sea their home, the Dutch and Flemish merchants banded together, and placed themselves under the direction of the Prince of Orange, who commissioned them in the service of the Netherlands, authorising them to capture all Spanish vessels for their own profit, except a fifth part of the prize-money, which William was to receive and apply for the good of the Netherlands. As another means of collecting a sufficient sum of money for future necessities, William came to an understanding with the itinerant Protestant preachers, who, even during the fiercest paroxysms of Alva's cruelty and the zeal of the new Inquisition, continued to walk through the country in disguise, teaching and consoling the people. These preachers William converted into civil functionaries, employing them to ask and receive contributions from the Protestant part of the community, now larger in many localities than the Catholic. Thus was William providing, as well as he could, that prime necessary in all enterprises—money.

Alva, enraged at the news he had received of the great damage done to the Spanish shipping by the Dutch and Flemish vessels that swarmed on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, and doubly enraged when he heard that men had actually landed from several of these vessels, and taken a fort on the island of Bommel, issued an

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Immediate order for the collection of the taxes he had previously imposed, money being now more necessary than ever. The people, however, protested that they were reduced to beggary already, and had no means of satisfying his demands; and he had just erected seventeen gibbets in front of seventeen of the principal houses in Brussels, with the intention of hanging seventeen of the principal burgesses thereon, in order to terrify the rest into submission, when, after all was ready, and the very nooses had been made on the ends of the ropes, the news came into the town that the Dutch and Flemish vessels, under the bold and savage Count de la Marck, had made a descent on the island of Voorn, and taken the town of Brielle, which was reckoned one of the keys of the Netherlands. Alva was amazed: he had not time even to hang the seventeen burgesses. A council was held, and the Count de Bossut despatched with a body of Spanish troops to the island of Voorn. Bossut laid siege to Brielle, and was in hopes of being able to reduce it with his artillery, when one of the townsmen swimming along a canal till he came to a sluice which the Spaniards had overlooked, broke it, and let in such a deluge of water as overflowed the artillery, drowned a number of the Spaniards, and forced the rest to take to their ships, all wet and dripping as they were. This victory roused a determined spirit of resolution among the inhabitants of Holland and Zeeland. The town of Flushing set the example; the towns of Dort, Gouda, Haarlem, and Leyden followed. In a short time all the towns of the two maritime provinces, except Amsterdam and Middleburg, had risen up and expelled their garrisons. In the provinces of Utrecht, Friesland, and Overijssel, similar risings took place. In this general movement the Protestants, unable to resist the opportunity of revenging their own past sufferings, were guilty of some atrocities, particularly against the monks.

The scheme of an insurrection in the maritime provinces having turned out according to his wishes, the Prince of Orange now advanced into the Netherlands by the French frontier, having succeeded, by negotiation with Protestant powers, and by the expenditure of money, in assembling an army of about 20,000 men, consisting of Germans, French, English, and Scotch. With the strength of this army he now began to grapple with Alva in the very seat of his power—the southern provinces of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp. He first took the town of Mons, an important position near the French frontier; and ere long he had reduced several other important towns. This was the only mode of action by which he could make any impression; for, in all cases of attempts to deliver a conquered country, the only mode of procedure is to root out the foreign garrisons of towns one by one; and a general victory in the open field is only valuable as conducing to that end, by either inducing the towns to surrender in despair, or making the process of besieging them less tedious. But at this time, after so

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much success, various circumstances conspired both to diminish and dispirit his army. The most discouraging blow of all was the massacre of St Bartholomew, in which, on the night of the 24th of August 1572, more than 60,000 of the Protestants of France perished. By this event, all hope of assistance from France was destroyed; and, after several fruitless engagements with Alva's army, William was obliged to disband his forces, and to retire from active military operation.

The condition of the Netherlands was now as follows: Alva was nominally their governor; but in the late struggle, no fewer than sixty or seventy towns, principally in Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, had thrown off the yoke, and now bade defiance to the Spanish government. Unless these towns were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Alva's exertions were therefore devoted to the recovery of these towns; and his officers were almost all employed in sieges. Mons, Tergouw, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden were successively reduced; and so dreadful were the enormities perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers, that the citizens, after the surrender of other towns, resolved to exhaust every means of resistance rather than submit. The town of Haarlem distinguished itself by the desperate bravery with which for seven months it stood out against a large army under Alva's son. At length, trusting to a truce with the Spaniard, the famished citizens agreed to surrender. The siege, some accounts say, had cost the Spaniards 10,000 men; and now they took a fearful vengeance. Hundreds of the most respectable citizens were executed; and when the four executioners were tired of their bloody work, they tied their victims two by two together, and flung them into the lake of Haarlem. As shewing how deep a hold the great struggle of the sixteenth century has taken of the popular memory, and how many local associations there are connected with it, we may quote the following account of a curious Haarlem custom, the origin of which is traced to the siege of the city in 1572: 'In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses hung a small neatly-framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border: the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there was placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested that at the door of each house containing a female so

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situated an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to ; and, till the present day, every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.*

While Alva was thus engaged in retrieving the revolted districts, his king at Madrid was growing dissatisfied with his conduct. He began to think that he had made an error in sending such a man into the Netherlands, who could scarcely make a discrimination in his cruelties between Protestants and Catholics ; and he looked about for a general to succeed him. He found such a person in Don Luis Zaneza y Requesens, commander of the order of Malta, a true Catholic, but a man of calm and temperate mind. Requesens accordingly made his entry into Brussels on the 17th of November 1573 ; and the stern old Alva returned to Spain, to be ill-treated by a master whom he had served too faithfully.

WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

In the civil government of the country, Requesens pursued quite a different line of policy from his predecessor. He began his rule by breaking down the brass statue which Alva had erected of himself at Antwerp, dissolving the Council of Tumults, abandoning the obnoxious taxes, and publishing an amnesty for past offences committed by the inhabitants of the revolted districts. But while thus changing the whole tone of the government, he was obliged to continue all those military operations which Alva had begun, for the purpose of compelling the rebel cities of Holland and Zealand to reacknowledge the sovereignty of Philip. The first object of his attention was the town of Middleburg in Zealand, which had been kept in a state of close siege by the patriots for about a year and a half, and the loss of which would be a severe blow to the Spanish cause. He caused a large fleet to be collected, and appointing two able admirals to the command of it, he went on board one of the ships himself, and sailed down the Scheldt for the relief of the town. The Prince of Orange, then in Holland, immediately hastened to the critical spot ; and by his directions, the fleet of the patriots under Boissot, admiral of Holland, met the Spanish one, and engaging with it on the 29th of January 1574, gained a complete victory, sinking the ship of one of the Spanish admirals, and

* *Chambers's Tour in Holland and Belgium.*

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obliging the other to swim for his life. Requesens himself stood on the dyke of Sacherlo, and witnessed the disaster. After this the town of Middleburg surrendered to the Prince of Orange; and the cause of the patriots in the maritime provinces appeared more hopeful than ever. In the meantime, two of the prince's brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, who had for some time been residing in Germany, advanced at the head of an army in the direction of the Maas, with the intention of exciting the inland provinces to assume a position similar to that which Holland and Zealand were so nobly maintaining. The issue of this attempt was fatal. Requesens had despatched a strong force to oppose them; and on the 14th of April a battle was fought between the two armies near the village of Mook; the royalists were victorious, and the two brave princes were killed. This defeat, and the death of two men so eminent and so popular, were indeed a heavy blow to the patriots; but its consequences were far less severe than they might have been. The Spanish troops, who had a long arrear of pay due them, became mutinous and unmanageable after the victory, and threatened to pillage Antwerp. Requesens contrived at length to appease them for the time by raising a hundred thousand florins from the citizens, pledging his own jewels, and melting down his plate to raise more, and granting the mutineers a free pardon. But the interval had been of use to the patriots; for a large fleet having been equipped by Requesens, and having been removed, during the mutiny, from Antwerp, where it was lying, a little way down the Scheldt, to be out of the reach of the soldiers, Boissot, the Zealand admiral, boldly sailed up the river, took forty of the ships, and shattered and sunk many more. At length, however, the mutineers returned to their duty; and Requesens, having vainly tried in the first place to end the war by a proclamation of the king's pardon to all his Catholic subjects in the Netherlands, collected his whole force for the siege of the large and populous city of Leyden.

The story of this siege is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of heroism. Leyden stands in a low situation in the midst of a labyrinth of rivulets and canals. That branch of the Rhine which still retains its ancient name passes through the middle of it; and from this stream such an infinity of canals are derived, that it is difficult to say whether the water or the land possesses the greater space. By these canals the ground on which the city stands is divided into a great number of small islands, united together by bridges. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of Requesens, on the one hand, was directed towards getting possession of this city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and preventing it from being taken. The issue depended entirely, however, on the bravery and resolution of the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up within their walls, they had to resist the

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attacks and stratagems of the besiegers; and all that the Prince of Orange could do, was to occupy the surrounding country, harass the besiegers as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provisions and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communicating with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster. Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defence of the city. The resolution came to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town—corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be

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employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. 'When we have nothing else left,' said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, 'we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with.' Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets, crying: 'Let the Spaniards in; oh! for God's sake let them in.' Assembling with hoarse clamours at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. 'I have no food to give you,' was the burgomaster's reply, 'and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me.' The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labour of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 guilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes were in requisition; and by the labour of a single night, the labour of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror-stricken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince

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of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when, lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued by the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October 1574, and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomasters assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands

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prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten. The small cut at the head of the present paper is expressive of this affecting scene. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards is the university of that city, so celebrated for the number of great historical names connected with it. 'The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and, much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575.'

The fortunate issue of the siege of Leyden changed the face of affairs. Philip consented to hold a conference with the patriots at Breda. Concessions were made on both sides, with a view of coming to an agreement; but on the question of the conduct which the government ought to pursue with reference to religion, the two parties were completely at variance.

'The heretics must be expelled from the maritime provinces,' was the demand of the Spanish deputies.

'If you expel the heretics, as you call them,' said the deputies of the patriots, 'you will expel more than two-thirds of the inhabitants; and if you do so, there will not be enough of men to mend the dykes.'

'The king,' replied the Spaniards, 'would rather lose the provinces than have them peopled with heretics.' The conference accordingly broke up, without having accomplished anything.

Again armies began their marchings and countermarchings through the country. Requesens had succeeded in an attempt which he expected to be of great assistance to him in his design of reducing Zealand, and he was endeavouring to follow up this advantage by laying siege to the town of Zierikzee, when he was seized with a fever, and died after a few days' illness.

PATRIOTIC MEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the death of Requesens, the Council of State, consisting at that time of nine members, among whom were Viglius and Barlaumont, as well as some others less devoted to the Spanish cause, assumed the government, there being no person on the spot authorised by Philip to take upon himself the office of regent. Under the rule of this committee the greatest confusion prevailed; but at length the liberal members of the Council of State took courage, and issued an order for a convention of the states; and at this convention, which was opened on the 14th of September 1576, it was agreed to hold a solemn congress of representatives from the various provinces, in the town-house of Ghent, on the 10th of October.

This remarkable turn of affairs was brought about in a great

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measure by the exertions of the Prince of Orange. The war had now lasted nearly ten years. The result was, that the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands, which on Philip's accession had acknowledged his sway, were now broken up into two groups, the maritime provinces constituting one group, and the inland provinces another. In the maritime group, of which Holland and Zealand were the most important members, the majority of the inhabitants were Protestants, and consequently they had maintained a more determined attitude during the war; and at this moment, although they had not formally disowned Philip's sovereignty, they were really governing themselves under the administration of the Prince of Orange. In the inland group, the state of matters was very different. The majority of the inhabitants of this group were Catholics, and consequently their opposition to Spanish tyranny had been less vigorous and less enthusiastic. But William was not content with seeing only one part of the Netherlands delivered from Spanish tyranny, even if it had been possible to deliver the maritime provinces without convulsing and agitating the others. His object was to secure liberty to the whole of the Netherlands, whether that were to be accomplished by a judicious compromise with Spain, or by formally casting off all allegiance to Spain whatever, and uniting the various provinces into a new independent European state. It was in consequence, therefore, of his public recommendations to the Council of State, and his secret dealings with influential men, that the States-General had been held, and the congress of Ghent agreed upon.

After sitting for about a month, the congress published the result of its deliberations in the shape of a treaty of confederacy between the maritime and the inland provinces. This treaty is known in history by the name of the *Pacification of Ghent*. It consisted of twenty-five articles, and its principal provisions were, that the maritime provinces, with the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and the inland or Catholic provinces on the other, should mutually assist each other in expelling the Spaniards; that all the tyrannous and persecuting decrees of Alva should be repealed; that in the inland provinces the Catholic religion should still continue to be the legal one; and that in Holland and Zealand all civil and religious arrangements should be permitted to stand until they should be revised by a future assembly of the states.

At the very instant when the Netherlands were beginning to rejoice in the hopes arising from the pacification of Ghent, there arrived a new regent, sent from Spain. This was Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a man of great talent, both civil and military, and of an exceedingly amiable and winning disposition. By the advice of the Prince of Orange, the Council resolved to conclude a strict bargain with the new regent before admitting him to the government. A meeting of noblemen, ecclesiastics, and other

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influential persons was held at Brussels on the 9th of January 1577, at which a compact in support of the late resolutions at Ghent was formed, known by the name of the *Union of Brussels*; and a copy of the deed of union having been transmitted to Don John, the result was a conference between him and certain deputies appointed by the states. At this conference, which was held in a city of Luxemburg, a treaty was agreed upon, dated the 12th of February 1577, and known by the name of the *Perpetual Edict*. It secured for the inland provinces all that they had been so earnestly contending for, all that the *Pacification of Ghent* bound them to demand—the removal of the Spanish troops, the release of prisoners, and a mild and considerate government. The Protestant provinces of Holland and Zealand, however, were dissatisfied with it, and refused their concurrence.

It appeared now as if the long struggle had come to an end; as if Spain and the Netherlands had finally compromised their differences. When Don John made his entry into Brussels on the 1st of May 1577, the citizens congratulated themselves on the skill with which they had managed to limit his authority, and said to each other: 'Ah, it will cost our new regent some trouble to play his game as Alva did.'

No sooner, however, had John taken the reins of government in his hands, than he began to free himself from all the restraints which the inland provinces thought they had imposed on him. Resolved to recover all the prerogatives he had parted with, he despatched letters written in cipher to Philip, urging him to send back the Spanish and Italian forces into the Netherlands; and making a journey from Brussels to the frontier province of Namur, he took possession of the capital of the province, intending to wait there till the troops should arrive. The letters were intercepted by the king of Navarre, and being immediately sent to the Prince of Orange, were by him made public. Enraged at the discovery of the regent's treachery, the authorities of the inland provinces now determined to cast him off; and at the same time they entreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels and assume the administration of affairs. Accordingly, leaving his own faithful maritime provinces, the prince sailed up the Scheldt, and thence made his passage by canal to Brussels, amid the cheers of the multitudes who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of 'Vader Willem' coming to do for them what he had already done for the Hollanders and Zealanders. He entered Brussels on the 23d of September, and was immediately invested with the office of governor of Brabant, a title which gave him as much power as if he had been a regent appointed by Philip himself. The whole of the Netherlands now, except the two frontier provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, where Don John still maintained his influence, were under the government of William of Orange. His darling scheme of uniting the maritime and the inland

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provinces under one system of government, extending to both the blessings of perfect civil freedom, and allowing each group to establish that form of worship which was most conformable to its own wishes—the maritime group the Protestant, and the inland group the Catholic form, while yet neither the Catholics should be persecuted in the one nor the Protestants in the other—this scheme was now all but realised. With respect to the question, how Philip's rights as the sovereign of the Netherlands should be dealt with, this was a point about which, in the meantime, it was unnecessary to give himself much trouble. It would be decided afterwards by the course of events.

This happy aspect of things was not of long duration. William had hardly entered on his office, when he began to be harassed by those petty insect annoyances which always buzz and flutter round greatness, making the life of a man who pursues a career of active well-doing on a large scale very far from a pleasant one to himself. At length a powerful cabal was formed against him by certain Catholic noblemen; and, without the consent of the states, or any other legitimate authority, the Archduke Mathias, brother of the emperor of Germany, was invited to come and assume the government of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. The arrival of this self-announced governor was a decided surprise to the states; but the quick eye of the Prince of Orange saw that it might be turned to advantage. By inviting Mathias to assume the office which Don John considered to be his, the Catholic nobles had given an unpardonable offence to Philip; and if Mathias *did* assume the government, it would set the Spanish king and the German emperor at variance; both of which events were exceedingly desirable as matters then stood. William therefore was the first to recommend his own resignation, and the appointment of Mathias as governor instead—a change which would do no harm, as Mathias was a silly young man whom it would be very easy to manage. On the 18th of January 1578, Mathias therefore was formally installed as governor-general, with the Prince of Orange as his lieutenant in every department; and Don John was at the same time declared a public enemy.

Meanwhile Philip had sent a powerful army to reinstate Don John. At the head of this army was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of that Duchess of Parma who had been regent before Alva, and though yet young, reputed to be the first military genius of the age. Pushing into the interior of the Netherlands with this army, Don John speedily reconquered a large tract of the country; and the states, defeated in several engagements, were obliged to entreat assistance from foreign powers. After several months of war, they were delivered from all fear of having the treacherous John restored to the regency; for, on the 1st of October 1578, he died suddenly at Bougy. But if delivered of one enemy in

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John, they had to contend with another in all respects more formidable in his successor, the matchless Prince of Parma. The prospect of a campaign against a man so eminent in the art of war completely disheartened them ; and any chance they might have had of being able to repel the invasion which he conducted, was infinitely lessened by the outbreak of violent dissensions in the southern provinces, especially between the Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, and the Walloons, or inhabitants of the south-eastern provinces.

UNION OF THE SEVEN PROVINCES.

In these circumstances, the Prince of Orange thought it best to take precautions for securing the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands. It had long appeared to William that the next best thing to a union of all the provinces of the Netherlands under a free government, would be the union of the maritime provinces by themselves under such a government. These provinces would form a distinct state, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant ; and the difficulty of governing them separately would be far less than that of governing them in conjunction with the southern or Walloon provinces, whose inhabitants were not only Catholic, but half French in their lineage and their habits. The progress which the Prince of Parma was now making, not only in conquering, but in conciliating the Walloons, decided William to carry into effect his long-cherished idea, and to attempt a formal separation between the northern provinces and the rest of the Netherlands. His efforts succeeded ; and on the 29th of January, there was solemnly signed at Utrecht a treaty of union between the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Friesland, by which they formed themselves into an independent republic. Thus was a new European state founded, which, being joined afterwards by the two provinces of Overijssel and Groningen, and recognised by the foreign powers, obtained the name of *The Seven United Provinces*, and subsequently of *Holland*.

But while labouring to effect this great object, William by no means ceased to struggle for another which he considered greater still—the independence of the whole Netherlands. If a community of religion, and the enthusiastic attachment of the people to his person, endeared the northern provinces to him in a peculiar manner, the breadth of his intellect, and his general love of liberty, made him take a deep interest in the fate of the southern provinces ; and gladly would he devote his best exertions to secure for the Flemings and the Walloons of the south that independence which he had to all appearance secured for the Dutch of the north. Accordingly, both before and after the union of the northern provinces, he continued to act as lieutenant-governor under Mathias, and to superintend the administration of the southern provinces.

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Meanwhile an attempt was made by the pope and the emperor of Germany to bring about a reconciliation between Spain and the Netherlands. But Philip's bigotry again interposed a barrier in the way of an agreement : for he declared, that whatever other concessions he might be willing to make, he never would be at peace with heresy. While these negotiations were pending, the Prince of Parma had slackened his military activity ; but when the congress broke up its sittings in the end of 1579, he recommenced his campaign in the southern provinces with fresh ardour.

It was evident, however, to the Prince of Orange, that the issue of the struggle could not be decided by one or two battles with the Prince of Parma. His aim all along had been to thwart Philip by engaging some of the principal European powers on the side of the Netherlands. No sooner, therefore, had he seen the Protestant provinces of the north united by the treaty of Utrecht, than he began to mature another scheme by which he hoped to obtain for the union greater strength within itself, and greater estimation in the eyes of foreign nations. This was no other than the formal deposition of Philip from the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and the election of a new sovereign capable of bringing into the field all the power of some foreign nation to counterpoise that of Spain. He hesitated for some time whether the future sovereign of the Netherlands should be Queen Elizabeth of England, or the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king ; but at last decided in favour of the latter. Having finally weighed his scheme, and resolved to adopt it, he procured a meeting of the States-General at Antwerp ; and there Philip was deposed as 'a tyrant ;' the Netherlands were declared a free and independent state ; and the Duke of Anjou, having become bound to use the power of France to expel the Spaniards from his new dominion, entered on the exercise of the sovereignty. At the same time, William of Orange was installed in the government of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, under the title of Stadtholder, and with the reservation of the right of homage to the Duke of Anjou.

These arrangements were concluded in 1581 and 1582 ; and for two years after, the history of the struggle is but an uninteresting record of sieges and engagements, important at the time, but too numerous to be detailed in a narrative. We hasten to the concluding act of the drama.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled

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his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be openly deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead—this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood-relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation the prince published a defence of his own conduct, which, under the name of *The Apology*, has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until everything was fairly settled. On the 18th of March 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birthday. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy; and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Anastro himself escaped.

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long feared that the wound was mortal ; but it proved not to be so ; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to the counsel of the Prince of Orange ; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding ; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burned the ships in their harbours as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder 'Vader Willem.' By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Château-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension ; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done ? Who should be elected next ? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William ; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had

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gone to Delft, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretence of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. 'God have mercy on me and on this poor people,' were the only words he was able to utter, and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which shew that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his murder. He had been four times married, and left ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

CONCLUDING HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The death of the Prince of Orange left the Netherlands divided into two parts—the northern or Protestant provinces, united in a confederacy, and to all intents and purposes independent of Spain; and the southern or Catholic provinces, either subject to Spain, or only struggling for independence. The subsequent histories of these two portions of the Netherlands are different.

Holland, as the seven united provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overysse, and Groningen came to be called, successfully resisted all the attempts of Spain to re-subjugate it. Prince Maurice inherited his father's abilities and his honours, and for many years he conducted the war in which the determination of Spain to recover its territory involved the provinces. On his death, in 1625, he was succeeded in the government by his youngest brother, Frederic Henry; and before his death, in 1647, the existence of Holland as an independent European state was recognised by almost every foreign cabinet, and Spain saw that it was in vain to continue the war. His son, William II., died, after a short and turbulent reign, in 1650, leaving a widow, who, within a week of her husband's death, gave birth to a son, William III.

On the abdication of James II. of England, this William III., the great-grandson of the hero of the Netherlands, came from Holland to ascend the throne of Great Britain, in conjunction with his wife

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Mary, James's daughter. During his reign Great Britain and Holland were under one rule ; but when he died childless in 1701, the States-General of the Seven Provinces, instead of appointing a new stadtholder, took the government into their own hands. The title of Prince of Orange, however, did not become extinct ; it was inherited by his cousin, Frison of Nassau, who was governor of the single province of Friesland. The activity and energy of this new Prince of Orange and of his son soon gave them an ascendancy in all the provinces ; and in 1747, in the person of the latter, the House of Orange again acceded to the dignity of the stadtholderate of the United Provinces. At the close of the last century, Holland suffered from the invasion of the French, and was for some time in their hands ; but finally, in 1813, the Prince of Orange was restored to power, being admitted to the government as a sovereign prince.

Having thus traced the history of the northern provinces of the Netherlands down to 1815, let us trace that of the southern ones down to the same year.

After the death of William of Orange, the Prince of Parma continued his victorious career in the southern provinces ; and if he did not altogether crush the spirit of patriotism, he at least rendered it weak and powerless. Although, therefore, Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic Henry, while repelling the attempts of the Spaniards to reconquer Holland, endeavoured also to drive them out of the rest of the Netherlands, they were never able fully to effect this, and Spain still kept possession of all the southern provinces. In 1713, Philip III. of Spain gave these southern provinces as a marriage-portion to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria ; and from that time they ceased to be called the Spanish provinces, and obtained the name of the Belgian provinces, or of the Austrian Netherlands. This arrangement lasted till 1795, when it was swept away by the French Revolution. After a struggle between France and Austria, the Austrian Netherlands and the province of Liege were divided into nine departments, forming an integral part of the French republic ; and they continued to be so till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

At this great epoch, when Europe, recovering from the shock of the French Revolution, had leisure to arrange its various territories according to its own pleasure, separating some countries which had been long joined, and joining others which had been long separated, it was determined once more to unite Holland and the Belgian provinces into one state. Accordingly, in 1815, the Prince of Orange had the southern provinces added to his dominions, and was recognised by the various powers of Europe as king of the whole Netherlands. In 1579, the country had been broken up into two parts ; and now, in 1815, they were reunited, with no chance, so far as appearances went, of ever being separated again. But appearances were fallacious. As we have already informed our

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readers, there had always been certain marked differences of lineage, religion, language, and habits between the people of the northern and those of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. In 1830, when the second French revolution took place, the Belgians revolted from their allegiance, and insisted on being separated from Holland, and erected into an independent kingdom. The demand was, after some delay, complied with by foreign powers. On the 15th of November 1831 the boundary-line was fixed, and the Netherlands were divided into the two independent states of Holland and Belgium. The crown of the latter was accepted by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who, on his decease in 1865, was succeeded by his son, Leopold II., the present sovereign.

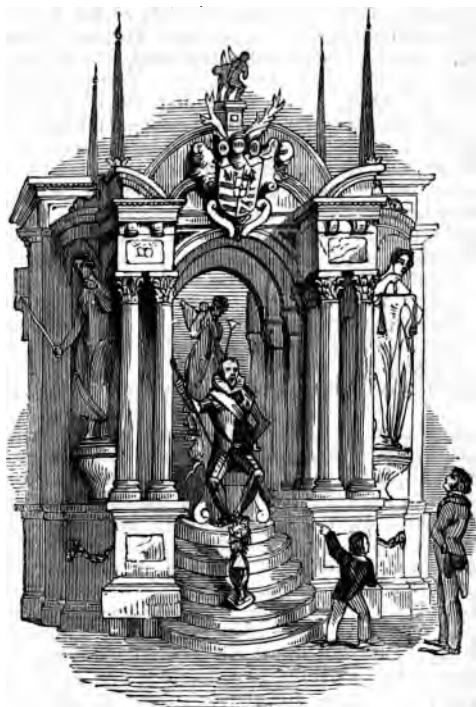
The modern kingdom of Holland consists of the following eleven provinces: North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, North Brabant, Guelderland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overijssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Limburg; its capital is the Hague. The population in 1866 amounted to 3,552,665. The prevailing form of worship is the Calvinistic; but all other forms enjoy perfect toleration. Holland is celebrated for its excellent educational institutions, which are on a liberal footing, and acceptable to all sects and classes.

The kingdom of Belgium consists of nine provinces: Limburg, Liege, Namur, Luxembourg, Hainaut, South Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, and Antwerp; its capital is Brussels. The population of Belgium in 1865 was 4,984,451. The Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has become Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainaut, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium.

We have now shewn how the Netherlands effected their independence; how the country became divided into the two modern kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; and it only remains for us to say that, successful as were the struggles of the people against oppression, the Netherlands, taken as a whole, have not till this hour attained the opulence and prosperity of which they were deprived by the iniquitous aggressions of Philip II. in the sixteenth century. In travelling through the country, we everywhere see symptoms of fallen grandeur. Antwerp, once the most opulent mercantile city in Europe, is now in a state of decay; while Louvain, Mechlin, Utrecht, Leyden, Dort, Delft, all exhibit similar tokens of desertion. To 'the Spaniards' is everywhere ascribed the ruin of trade, the destruction of works of art, and the distresses to which the country has been exposed. Such are the results of the unhappy war which scourged the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Although advancing by new efforts towards its former condition, three

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centuries have not obliterated the traces of this fearful struggle for civil and religious freedom. Considering the services performed by William of Orange in this great effort, no one can look without emotion on the splendid monument erected over his tomb in the New Church of Delft, of which we append a representation. It is a lofty structure of marble, embellished with many figures, one of which is that of the prince, in bronze, sitting with his truncheon of office, and his helmet at his feet ; while behind is a figure of Fame sounding with her trumpet the praises of the hero.





ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

ALL knowledge is received through the medium of the senses, usually reckoned five in number—seeing, hearing, taste, smell, and touch or feeling; these, in fact, being the agents by which the mind is excited to receive or communicate ideas. A deprivation of one or more of the senses, as is well known, ordinarily leads to increased activity of the others, in consequence of the greater reliance placed upon them; nevertheless, it seems evident that any such deprivation must, less or more, cause a deficiency in the intellectual conceptions. A person who has been blind from earliest infancy can, by no process of feeling, hearing, or smelling, be made to have even moderately correct ideas of light or colours; neither does it appear to us that any one who has been always deaf can attain to anything like a proper understanding of sound. Deprivation of hearing from birth may be considered a double calamity, for it is naturally attended with deprivation of speech; and hence the deaf-mute, whatever be his acquirements, always excites our warmest compassion.

Which of the senses could be most conveniently spared, has probably been with most persons a subject of occasional consideration, and it is only when their merits are severally compared that we have a thorough notion of their value. Had we never possessed eyes, then should we never have beheld the glories of the sun, moon, and stars; the beautiful earth we tread, fields, flowers, colours, the magnificent ocean, or the face of those we love. Had we been

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deaf from birth, then should we never have heard sounds, music, language, nor have been able to hold communication by speech ; of the tones of affection we should never have been conscious. Had we been deficient in taste, we should have been exposed to injury in eating that which should be rejected as food ; and along with a deprivation of the kindred sense of smell, we should have been constantly in a state of difficulty and danger. It would be needless to speculate on the deprivation of feeling, for we cannot conceive that life should exist for any length of time with such a deficiency. Greatly as we must deplore the misfortune of those who labour under an irremediable privation of any of the senses, we must in as great a degree admire that *Providential care which provides a measure of compensatory happiness.* Although those stricken with blindness are shut out from being spectators of nature's marvellous handiwork, how usually superior is their enjoyment of harmonious sounds, how exquisite their love of music ! The deaf, too, have their enjoyments, and are at least blest with a pleasing unconsciousness of the loss which they sustain. Lamentable, indeed, is the fate of those who have been deprived of the two more important senses—seeing and hearing ; yet that even blind deaf-mutes, with no other senses to rely upon than smell, taste, and feeling, may enjoy a qualified happiness, and be susceptible of moral cultivation, has been shewn in several well-accredited instances. One of the most remarkable cases of the kind is that of James Mitchell, the story of whose blameless and interesting life we propose in the first place to lay before our readers.

JAMES MITCHELL.

JAMES MITCHELL was born in the year 1795 at Ardclach, a parish in the north of Scotland, of which his father was clergyman. He was the youngest except one of seven children, and neither his parents nor his brothers or sisters had any deficiency in the senses. Soon after birth, his mother discovered that he was blind, from his manifesting no desire to turn his eyes to the light. On inspection, it was observed that it was blindness caused by cataract ; both the lenses were opaque, a cloudy pearl-like substance resting over the retina or seeing part of each eye. This was a sufficiently distressing discovery, but how much greater was the anguish of the poor mother when she soon after found that her infant was deaf as well as blind ! Excluded from all ordinary means of direction, the child was guided only by feeling and natural impulse—an object so helpless as to require constant and careful attention. Fortunately, his constitution was otherwise sound : he learned to walk like other children, by being put to the ground and left to scramble to his feet, holding by any objects near him.

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While between one and two years of age, he began to evince considerable acuteness in touch, taste, and smell, being able by these to distinguish strangers from the members of his own family, and any little article which was appropriated to himself from what belonged to others. As he advanced in years, various circumstances concurred to prove that neither the auditory nerves nor retina were entirely insensible to impressions of sound and light, and that though he derived little information from these organs, he received from them a considerable degree of gratification. A key having accidentally come into his hand, he put it to his mouth; it struck on his teeth. This was to him a most important discovery. He found that the blow communicated a vibration through his head, and this, the nearest approach to sound, was hailed with delight; henceforth the striking of a key on his teeth became a daily gratification. As great was the pleasure he derived from any bright or dazzling object being held to his eyes. One of his chief amusements was to concentrate the sun's rays by means of pieces of glass, transparent pebbles, or similar substances, which he held between his eye and the light, and turned about in various directions. There were other modes by which he was often in the habit of gratifying his desire of light. He would go to any outhouse or room within his reach, shut the windows and doors, and remain there for a considerable time, with his eyes fixed on some small hole or chink which admitted the sun's rays, eagerly catching them. He would also, during the winter nights, frequently retire to a corner of a dark room, and kindle a light for his amusement. Such indeed seemed to be the degree of pleasure which he received from feasting his eyes with light, that he would often occupy himself in this manner for several hours without interruption. In this, as well as in the gratification of the other senses, his countenance and gestures displayed a most interesting avidity and curiosity. His father often remarked him employing many hours in selecting from the bed of the river, which flows within a few yards of the house, stones of a round shape, nearly of the same weight, and having a certain degree of smoothness. These he placed in a circular form on the bank, and then seated himself in the middle of the circle.

At the age of thirteen his father took him to London, where the operation of piercing the membrane of each tympanum of the ear was performed by Sir Astley Cooper, but without improving his hearing in the least. An operation was also performed on the left eye by Mr Saunders, but with little or no success. As there appeared still some hopes of restoring vision, his father a second time carried him to London in the year 1810, when fifteen years of age, and placed him under the charge of Mr Wardrop, an eminent surgeon. Mr Wardrop's account of the boy is so interesting that we shall give it in his own words. 'This poor boy,' says he, 'had the usual appearance of strength and good health, and his countenance

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was extremely pleasing, and indicated a considerable degree of intelligence. On examining the state of his eyes, the pupil of each was observed to be obscured by a cataract. In the right eye the cataract was of a white colour and pearly lustre, and appeared to pervade the whole of the crystalline lens. The pupil, however, readily dilated or contracted according to the different degrees of light to which it was exposed. The cataract in the left eye was not equally opaque, about one-third of it being dim and clouded, arising, as it appeared, from very thin dusky webs crossing it in various directions, the rest being of an opaque white colour. The pupil of this eye did not, however, seem so susceptible of impressions from varieties in the intensity of light as that of the other, nor did he employ this eye so often as the other to gratify his fondness for light. I could discover no defect in the organisation of his ears. It was difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain with precision the degree of sight which he enjoyed, but from the preternatural acuteness which his senses of touch and smell had acquired, in consequence of having been habitually employed to collect that information for which the sight is peculiarly adapted, it may be with confidence presumed that he derived little if any assistance from his eyes or organs of vision. Besides, the appearances of the disease in the eyes were such as to render it extremely probable that they enabled him merely to distinguish some colours and differences in the intensity of light. The organs of hearing seemed equally unfit for receiving the impressions of ordinary sounds as his eyes were those of objects of sight. Many circumstances at the same time proved that he was not insensible to sound. It has been already observed that he often amused himself by striking hard substances against his teeth, from which he appeared to derive as much gratification as he did from receiving the impression of light on his eyes. When a ring of keys was given to him he seized them with great avidity, and tried each separately by suspending it loosely between two of his fingers, so as to allow it to vibrate freely; and after jingling them amongst his teeth in this manner, he generally selected one from the others, the sound of which seemed to please him most. A gentleman observing this circumstance, brought to him a musical snuff-box, and placed it between his teeth. This seemed not only to excite his wonder, but to afford him exquisite delight; and his father and sister, who were present, remarked that they had never seen him so much interested on any former occasion. Whilst the instrument continued to play, he kept it closely between his teeth; and even when the notes were ended, he continued to hold the box to his mouth, and to examine it minutely with his fingers, his lips, and the point of his tongue, expressing by his gestures and by his countenance extreme curiosity. Besides the musical snuff-box, I procured for him a common musical key. When it was first applied to his teeth, he exhibited expressions of fear mixed with surprise. However, he soon perceived that it

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was attended with no harm, so that he not only allowed it to be renewed, but he soon acquired the habit of striking it on his own hand so as to make it sound, and then touching his teeth with it. One day his father observed him place it upon the external ear. He has also, on some occasions, been observed to take notice of, and to appear uneasy with very loud sounds. Thus, therefore, the teeth, besides being organs of mastication, and also serving as organs of touch in examining the food in the mouth, so that the hard and indigestible part may be rejected, in this boy seemed to be the best channel of communicating sound to the auditory nerve. His organs of touch, smell, and taste had all acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and appeared to have supplied in an astonishing manner the deficiencies in the senses of seeing and hearing. By those of touch and smell, in particular, he was in the habit of examining everything within his reach. Large objects, such as the furniture of a room, he felt over with his fingers; whilst those which were more minute, and which excited more of his interest, he applied to his teeth, or touched with the point of his tongue. In exercising the sense of touch, it was interesting to notice the delicate and precise manner in which he applied the extremities of his fingers, and with what ease and flexibility he would insinuate the point of his tongue into all the inequalities of the body under examination. But there were many substances which he not only touched, but smelled during his examination. To the sense of smell he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons; he appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly, and he at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but from what I was able to observe, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this before he could derive information from any other sense than that of smell, except it may be that the vibrations of the air indicated the approach of some person. In selecting his food, he was always guided by his sense of smell, for he never took anything into his mouth without previously smelling it carefully. His taste was extremely delicate, and he shewed a great predilection for some kinds of food, whilst there were others of which he never partook. He had on no occasion tasted butter, cheese, or any of the pulpy fruits, but he was fond of milk, plain dressed animal food, apples, peas, and other simple nutriment. He never took food from any one but his parents or sister.

‘But the imperfections which have been noticed in his organs of sight and of hearing were by no means accompanied with such defects in the powers of his mind as might be suspected. He seemed to possess the faculties of the understanding in a considerable degree; and when we reflect that his channels of communication

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with the external world must have afforded very slow means of acquiring information, it is rather surprising how much knowledge he had obtained. Impressions transmitted through the medium of *one* sense might call into being some of the most important operations of intellect. Facts have been given to prove that this boy possessed both recollection and judgment. We are ignorant of the qualities of bodies which influenced his determinations and his affections. On all occasions, however, it was clear that he made his experiments on the objects which he examined with all the accuracy and caution that his circumscribed means of gaining intelligence could admit. The senses he enjoyed, being thus disciplined, acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and must have furnished him with information respecting the qualities of many bodies which we either overlook, or are in the habit of obtaining through other channels. Perhaps the most striking feature of the boy's mind was his avidity and curiosity to become acquainted with the different objects around him. When a person came into the room where he was, the moment he knew of his presence he fearlessly went up to him and touched him all over, and smelled him with eagerness. He shewed the same inquisitiveness in becoming acquainted with everything within the sphere of his observation, and was daily in the habit of exploring the objects around his father's abode. He had become familiar with all the most minute parts of the house and furniture, the outhouses and several of the adjacent fields, and the various farming utensils. He shewed great partiality to some animals, particularly to horses, and nothing seemed to give him more delight than to be put on one of their backs. When his father went out to ride, he was always one of the first to watch his return; and it was astonishing how he became warned of this from remarking a variety of little incidents. His father putting on his boots, and such like occurrences, were all accurately observed by the boy, and led him to conclude how his father was to be employed. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent; and therefore the first thing he generally did was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots. If he did, he immediately quitted him, went to the lobby, found out and accurately examined his whip, then proceeded to the stable, and handled his horse with great care and the utmost attention. It occasionally happened that visitors arrived in a carriage. He never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and amused himself with the elasticity of the springs. The locks of doors attracted much of his attention; and he seemed to derive great pleasure from turning the keys. He was very docile and obedient to his father and sister, who accompanied him to London, and reposed in them every confidence for his safety, and for the means of his subsistence. It has been already noticed that he never took food from any one but the members of his own family.

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I several times offered him an apple, of which I knew he was extremely fond; but he always refused it with signs of mistrust, though the same apple, afterwards given him by his sister, was accepted greedily. It was difficult to ascertain the manner in which his mind was guided in the judgment he formed of strangers, as there were some people whom he never permitted to approach him, whilst others at once excited his interest and attention. The opinions which he formed of individuals, and the means he employed to study their character, were extremely interesting. In doing this, he appeared to be chiefly influenced by the impressions communicated to him by his sense of smell. When a stranger approached him he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly taking hold of the arm, which he held near his nose; and after two or three strong inspirations through the nostrils, he appeared to form a decided opinion regarding him. If this was favourable, he shewed a disposition to become more intimate, examined more minutely his dress, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction; but if it happened to be unfavourable, he suddenly went off to a distance with expressions of carelessness or disgust. When he was first brought to my house to have his eyes examined, he both touched and smelled several parts of my body; and the following day, whenever he found me near him, he grasped my arm, then smelled it, and immediately recognised me, which he signified to his father by touching his eyelids with the fingers of both hands, and imitating the examination of his eyes, which I had formerly made. I was very much struck with his behaviour during this examination. He held his head, and allowed his eyes to be touched with an apparent interest and anxiety, as if he had been aware of the object of my occupation. On expressing to his father my surprise at the apparent consciousness of the boy of what was to be done, he said that he had frequently, during the voyage from Scotland, signified his expectation and his desire that some operation should be performed on his eyes; thus shewing an accurate recollection of his former visit, and a conception of the objects of it. During the first examination, and on several future ones, when I purposely handled the eye roughly, I was surprised to find him submit to everything that was done with fortitude and complete resignation, as if he was persuaded that he had an organ imperfectly developed, and an imperfection to be remedied by the assistance of his fellow-creatures.

‘Many little incidents in his life have displayed a good deal of reasoning and observation. On one occasion a pair of shoes were given to him, which he found too small, and his mother put them aside into a closet. Some time afterwards, young Mitchell found means to get the key of the closet, opened the door, and taking out the shoes, put them on a young man, his attendant, whom they fitted exactly. On another occasion, finding his sister’s shoes very wet after a walk, he appeared uneasy till she changed them. He frequently attempted

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to imitate his father's farm-servants in their work, and was particularly fond of assisting them in cleaning the stables. At one time, when his brothers were employed making basket-work, he attempted to imitate them ; but he did not seem to have patience to overcome the difficulties he had to surmount. In many of his actions he displayed a retentive memory, and in no one was this more remarkable than in his second voyage to London. Indeed, as the objects of his attention must have been very limited, it is not to be wondered at that those few should be well remembered. He seemed to select and shew a preference to particular forms, smells, and other qualities of bodies. He has often been observed to break substances with his teeth, or by other means, so as to give them a form which seemed to please him. He also preferred to touch those substances which were smooth, and which had a rounded form ; and he has been known to employ many hours in selecting smooth water-worn pebbles from the channel of the river. He also seemed to be much pleased with some smells, and equally disgusted with others ; and this latter feeling he expressed by squeezing his nostrils, and turning his head from whence the smell came. He shewed an equal nicety in the selection of his food.

‘He sometimes shewed a good deal of drollery and cunning, particularly in his amusements with his constant companion and friend, his sister. He took great pleasure in locking people up in a room or closet, and would sometimes conceal things about his person or otherwise, which he knew not to be his own property, and when he was detected doing so, he would laugh heartily. That he was endowed with affection and kindness to his own family cannot be doubted. The meeting with his mother after his return from this London visit shewed this very strongly. On one occasion, finding his mother unwell, he was observed to weep ; and on another, when the boy who attended him happened to have a sore foot, he went up to a garret room, and brought down a stool for his foot to rest upon, which he recollected to have so used himself on a similar occasion long before. He seemed fond too of young children, and was often in the habit of taking them up in his arms. His disposition and temper were generally placid, and when kind means were employed, he was obedient and docile. But if he was teased or interrupted in any of his amusements, he became irascible, and sometimes got into violent paroxysms of rage. At no other time did he ever make use of his voice, with which he produced most harsh and loud screams. It is not one of the least curious parts of his history that he seemed to have a love of finery. He early shewed a great partiality to new clothes ; and when the tailor used to come to make clothes at his father's house (a practice common in that part of the country), it seemed to afford him great pleasure to sit down beside him whilst he was at work ; and he never left him until his own suit was finished. He expressed much disappointment

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and anger when any of his brothers got new clothes and none were given to him. Immediately before he came to London each of his brothers got a new hat, while his father considered his own good enough for the sea voyage. Such, however, was his disappointment and rage, that he secretly went to one of the outhouses, and tore the old hat to pieces. Indeed, his fondness for new clothes afforded a means of rewarding him when he merited approbation; and his parents knew no severer mode of punishment than by obliging him to wear old ones.

‘With respect to the means which were employed to communicate to him information, and which he made use of to communicate his desires and feelings to others, these were very ingenious and simple. His sister, under whose management he chiefly was, had contrived signs addressing his organs of touch, by which she could control him and regulate his conduct. On the other hand, he by his gestures could express his wishes and desires. His sister employed various modes of holding his arm, and patting him on the head and shoulders, to express consent, and different degrees of approbation. She signified time by shutting his eyelids and putting down his head, which done once meant one night. He expressed his wish to go to bed by reclining his head, distinguished me by touching his eyes, and many workmen by imitating their different employments. When he wished for food he pointed to his mouth, or to the place where provisions were usually kept.’

Mr Wardrop then details the particulars of the operation of *couching* the left eye, having abandoned the idea of extraction of the lens, which operation was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of the struggles of his patient, who although evidently willing to submit to whatever was intended to be done, yet had not resolution when the operation was actually commenced. By confining him in a machine, however, the cataract was broken up, and so far displaced that he obtained a certain degree of vision. ‘On the fifth day,’ continues Mr Wardrop, ‘he got out of bed, and was brought into a room having an equal and moderate light. Before even touching or seeming to smell me, he recognised me, which he expressed by the fear of something to be done to his eyes. He went about his room readily, and the appearance of his countenance was much altered, having acquired that look which indicated the enjoyment of vision. He appeared well acquainted with the furniture of the room, having lived in it several days previous to the operation; and though, from placing things before him, he evidently distinguished and attempted to touch them, judging of their dimensions with tolerable accuracy, yet he seemed to trust little to the information given by the eye, and always turned away his head while he carefully examined by his sense of touch the whole surfaces of bodies presented to him. Next day he could distinguish a shilling placed on the table, and put his hand on it, as also a piece

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of white paper the size of a sixpence. When taken out on the street, he was much interested with the busy scene around. A post supporting a scaffold at the distance of two or three yards chiefly attracted his notice, and he timorously approached it, groping and stretching out his hand cautiously until he touched it. On being taken to a tailor's shop, he expressed a great desire for a suit of new clothes, and it was signified to him that his wishes would be complied with; and being allowed to make a choice, he selected from among the variety of colours a light yellow for his breeches, and a green for his coat and waistcoat. Accordingly these were made, and as I solicited his father not to allow them to be put on until I was present, it was signified to him that he should have permission to wear them in two days. The mode by which he received this communication was by closing his eyelids and bending down his head twice, thereby expressing that he must first have two sleeps. One day after the clothes were finished, I called and requested that he should be dressed in them. This was intimated to him by touching his coat and giving him a ring of keys, one of which opened the door of the room where the clothes were kept. He gladly grasped the keys, and in an instant pitched on the one he wanted, opened the door, and brought a bundle containing his new suit into the room where we were sitting. With a joyful smile he loosened the bundle, and took out of the coat-pocket a pair of new white stockings, a pair of yellow gloves, and a pair of new shoes. The succeeding scene was perhaps one of the most extraordinary displays of sensual gratification which can well be conceived. He began by first trying on his new shoes, after throwing away the old ones with great scorn, and then with a smiling countenance went to his father and sister, holding up to each of them and to me his feet in succession, that we might admire his treasure. He next put on the yellow gloves, and in like manner shewing them to his father and sister, they expressed their admiration by patting him on the head and shoulders. He afterwards sat down opposite to a window, stretched out on each knee an expanded hand, and seemed to contemplate the beauty of his gloves with a degree of gratification scarcely to be imagined. At one time I attempted to deceive him, by putting a yellow glove very little soiled in place of one of his new ones. But this he instantly detected as a trick, and smiled, throwing away the old glove, and demanding his new one. This occupation lasted a considerable time, after which he and his sister retired to another room, where he was dressed completely in his new suit. The expression of his countenance on returning into the room in his gaudy uniform excited universal laughter, and every means was taken to flatter his vanity and increase his delight. One day I gave him a pair of green glasses to wear, in order to lessen the influence of light on his eye. He looked through them at a number of objects in succession; and so great was his

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surprise, and so excessive his pleasure, that he burst into a loud fit of laughter. In general he seemed much pleased with objects which were of a white, and still more particularly those of a red colour. I observed him one day take from his pocket a piece of red sealing-wax, which he appeared to have preserved for the beauty of its colour. A white waistcoat and white stockings pleased him exceedingly, and he always gave a marked preference to yellow gloves.'

After leaving London, his father writes : 'James seemed much amused with the shipping in the river, and until we passed Yarmouth Roads. During the rest of the passage we were so far out at sea that there was little to attract his notice, except the objects around him on the deck. He appeared to feel no anxiety till we reached this coast, and observed land and a boat coming alongside of the vessel to carry some of the passengers on shore. He seemed then to express both anxiety and joy ; and we had no sooner got into the river which led to the landing-place, than he observed from the side of the boat the sandy bottom, and was desirous to get out. When we got to land he appeared happy, and felt impatient to proceed homewards. On our arrival that evening, after a journey of seventeen miles, he expressed great pleasure on meeting with his mother and the rest of the family. He made signs that his eye had been operated upon, that he also saw with it, and at the same time signified that he was fixed in a particular posture, alluding to the machine in which he had been secured during the operation. He has now learned to feed himself and to put on his own clothes. No particular object has yet attracted his attention in the way of amusement.'

This short gleam of hope and sunshine soon closed upon poor Mitchell. Couching for cataract is seldom permanently successful. The cloudy pearl-like matter being for the most part only broken up, not altogether removed, again settles into a mass, and blindness once more ensues. Such was the case with the object of our memoir : his eye again became opaque, and he relapsed into a state of, as it was thought, irremediable blindness. The brief and partial view which he thus got of the world around him was all that he was destined to see of the face of nature, and all the recollections which he could treasure up of the green earth, the sun and sky, to cheer his future life of loneliness.

In the following year he is described as incapable of distinguishing even a large object at the distance of only a yard or two ; and though he recovered a little more vision a few months afterwards, he seems to have relapsed again into as great a state of darkness as before. In 1811 his father died. The day after, his sister took him into the room, and made him touch the corpse. The touch of the dead body surprised and alarmed him, though expressions of grief were not apparent. This was the first dead human body he had ever had an opportunity of examining : before this he had

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felt the dead bodies of animals, and one day was seen amusing himself by attempting to make a dead fowl stand on its legs. On the day of the funeral a number of friends assembled to pay the last tribute to the honoured remains. The poor boy, unconscious of the full extent of his loss, glided about among the crowd, his curiosity excited by the unusual assemblage. Two of the observers state that when the coffin was first brought out containing his father's corpse, he clung to it, and seemed for the moment deeply affected. It is certain that he afterwards repeatedly visited the grave, and patted the turf with his hands.

The death of his mother a few years later, after the family had removed to the neighbouring town of Nairn, was a new source of grief; and the suggestion naturally rose in his mind that he should lose his sister also, and for some time he shewed an extraordinary unwillingness to quit her even for an instant. His feelings of distress on this and other occasions were somewhat assuaged by a recourse to a new species of amusement. When he last visited London, he happened to be in the house of a friend of his father, who was in the habit of smoking; and a pipe being given to him, he smoked it and seemed much delighted. After his return home, a gentleman came on a visit to Ardcloch, who was also in the habit of smoking, and having tobacco, wished for a pipe. Mrs Mitchell gave the boy a halfpenny, and permitted him to smell the tobacco. He understood her signs, went out to a shop in the neighbourhood where pipes were to be had, and returned with one in his hand. From this time the smoking of tobacco became a favourite indulgence, from which it was not considered necessary to divert him.

Numerous particulars are related of the subsequent life of Mitchell, but these it is unnecessary to repeat, and we confine ourselves to what follows, as interest in his conduct and habits in a great degree ceases from the time he obtained a view of the external world—a view which, however short, must have given him a distinct idea of light and colours, and also the appearance of animate and inanimate objects. His sister, in describing his condition after this period, mentions that ‘he continued to take an unabated interest in the employment of the various workmen in town; and in the progress of their work, particularly mason-work, examining minutely what has been done in his absence, and fearlessly ascending the highest part of their scaffolding, in which he has hitherto been most providentially preserved from any serious accident. While the addition lately made to a house was roofing, I remarked him ascending the slater's ladder and getting on the roof. Laying himself down, and fixing his heel in a rough part of the surface, he moved himself along, one foot after the other, until the fear of his slipping rendered me unable to remain longer to look at him. I believe such is his common practice whenever anything of the kind is carrying on. He is so perfectly inoffensive, that all classes contribute towards

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his safety and even to his amusement, allowing him to enter their houses and handle whatever he has a mind to, as he never attempts carrying anything away with him or injuring it while in his possession. Indeed, except in one instance, I never knew him exposed to any unpleasant treatment in these unceremonious visits. It was in the case of a family who came to reside in this neighbourhood about three years ago, and who were quite unacquainted with his situation. When he went out as usual to the house (where with the former occupants he had been accustomed to range at pleasure), and began feeling the umbrellas and other articles in the lobby, with the intent, as they supposed, of carrying them off, they first remonstrated with him, and getting no reply, they then proceeded to turn him forcibly out of doors, which they effected after receiving as many kicks and blows as he could bestow in the struggle. He was afterwards seen by two gentlemen who knew him, bellowing with rage. They wished to get hold of him and soothe him, but found it impossible from the furious rate at which he was going; and although regretting his apparent irritation, they were not a little amused upon approaching the house to see a domestic peeping fearfully out at a half-opened door, and the other members of the family, which consisted mostly of females, at the various windows, whence they could obtain a view of the person who had been the cause of so much fear and trouble to them.'

In 1826, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder thus relates an interesting visit which he received from Mitchell at Relugas, a distance of seventeen miles from Nairn: 'It was one day about noon, in the month of May, that I saw him pass the window of the dining-room where I was sitting, and immediately recognising him, I hastened to the house door, and met him in the porch, in the act of entering. I took him by the hand, clapped him gently on the back, and led him to the room I had just left, and taking him towards Mrs Cumins, who was the only person with me at the time, he shook hands with her. I then conducted him to a sofa, where he sat down; and being apparently a good deal tired, he leaned back in expectation of finding support, but the sofa being one of those constructed without a back, he was surprised, and instantly made himself master of its form by feeling it all over. I then took his hand and put it to his mouth, with the intention of making him understand that he should have something to eat. He immediately put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, where he had some copper, as if with the intention of taking it out. . . . My impression was that he meant to express that he could pay for food if it was given him. Miss Mitchell seems to think that it was an indication of satisfaction merely. I confess, however, that his action appeared to me to be so immediately consequent on mine, that I cannot yet doubt that it resulted from it. He may have misinterpreted my signal, and imagined that it referred to a pipe and tobacco; and this may perhaps reconcile our

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difference of opinion. I lost no time in ordering luncheon, and in the meanwhile I gave my interesting visitor a cigar. He took it in his hand, smelt it, and then put it into his waistcoat-pocket with a smile of infinite satisfaction. I took another cigar from the case, and having lighted it, I put it into his hand. He carried it also directly towards his nose, but in its way thither the red glare of the burning end of it caught his eye (which is perfectly aware of light, although not of form), and arrested his hand. He looked at it for a moment, turned it round, and having extinguished it between his finger and his thumb, he put it also into his pocket with the air of being much amused. I was then convinced that he had never before met with a cigar, and that he knew it only as tobacco. I therefore prepared another, lighted it, smoked two or three whiffs so as to make him sensible of the odour, and then taking his hand, I put the cigar into it, and guided it to his mouth. He now at once comprehended matters, and began whiffing away with great delight; but the fumes of the tobacco ascending from the burning end of the cigar stimulated his eye, and gave him pain; yet he was not to be defeated by this circumstance, for, retaining the cigar between his forefinger and thumb, he stretched up his middle finger, and keeping his eyelid close with it, he went on smoking until I judged it proper to remove the end of the cigar from his mouth when it was nearly finished. By this time Lady Lauder came in, and I begged that the children might be brought. I took each of them to him in succession, and he patted their heads; but the ceremony, though tolerated, seemed to give him little pleasure. A tray now appeared, and I led him to a seat at the table. I put a napkin on his knee, and comprehending what he was to be employed in, he drew his chair very close to the table, as if to prevent accident to the carpet, and spread the napkin so as to protect his clothes. I helped him to some broth, and guided his spoon for two or three times, after which I left him to himself, when he leaned over the table, and continued to eat the broth without spilling any of it, groping for the bread, and eating slice after slice of it with seeming appetite. The truth was, he had been wandering for some days, had been at Ardcloch, had had a long walk that morning, and was very hungry. I then cut some cold meat for him, and he helped himself to it very adroitly with his fork, drinking beer from time to time as he wanted it, without losing a drop of it. After he had finished he sat for a few minutes, and then he arose as if he wished to go. I then gave him a glass of wine, and each of us having shaken him by the hand, he moved towards the door, where I got him his hat, and taking him by the arm, I led him down the approach to the lodge. Having made him aware of the obstruction which the gate presented, I opened it for him, led him into the road, and giving his arm a swing in the direction I wished him to take, I shook hands with him again, and he moved away at a good round pace, as I had indicated.

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Some years ago Mitchell paid a visit to Relugas, but I was from home at the time, and as he was known to no one else, his awkward gait occasioned his being mistaken for a drunk or insane person, and the doors being shut against him, he went away. He never repeated his visit until the late occasion, but I am not without hope that the kind treatment he last met with may induce him to come here the next time he takes a ramble. His countenance is so intelligent, and its expression in every respect so good, that he interested every individual of the family, and delighted us all.

A gentleman who visited Mitchell in 1832, has thus described to us his interview: 'When I called he was abroad, but in a short time he made his appearance, and was led into the room by his sister. His face was weather-beaten, but he had the appearance of robust health. He was of middle stature, and at this time thirty-seven years of age. His countenance was mild and pleasant; with nothing of a vacant look, his features had that precise and distinct outline, especially his mouth, that indicates a reflecting mind. His head was well formed, round, and what would be termed large. He was plainly dressed, but with that appearance of neatness and cleanliness which shewed he had sufficient self-respect to take the proper care of his clothes; indeed, as I afterwards learned, he is particularly nice regarding his dress. On examination, I found his eyes and his state of vision such as I had been led to expect—that is, he can distinguish bright sunshine from darkness, and perhaps white or brilliant objects from black ones, but this is the whole extent of his powers; he cannot distinguish the lines of form of bodies, or the lineaments or expressions of the human countenance. The left eye, which had been operated upon, is opaque and muddy over the whole pupil; with it I conjectured he saw little or none: in the other eye the opacity of the lens is somewhat circumscribed, especially on the inferior margin, and it is on this edge of the pupil that I could perceive an opening by which a few rays of light might enter. His sister thought that his vision had somewhat improved of late. When an object is presented to him, if it be bright and glittering, he holds it towards the inferior edge of this eye; but immediately after he puts it to the test of the organs of touch, taste, and smell, which evidently shews his still very limited extent of vision.

'After having satisfied my curiosity regarding this highly interesting being, I rose to take leave. He seemed to be sensible of the movement, and also rose. His sister intimated that a shake of the hand would be acceptable, and I impressed upon him a most cordial adieu. I could not help thinking how different might have been my interview with this same person had it pleased God to have endowed him with the use of all his senses; how I might have been instructed by his intelligence, amused with his cheerful active fancy, and warmed with that tide of benevolent feeling and affection, of

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all of which so many unequivocal traces were visible, even as it was.'

To his inestimable guide and companion the following eulogium by the late Sir James Mackintosh is appropriately due : ' His sister is a young woman, of most pleasing appearance and manners, distinguished by a very uncommon degree of modesty, caution, and precision in her accounts of him, and probably one of the most intelligent as well as kindest companions that ever guided a being doomed to such unusual if not unexampled privations. Her aversion to exaggeration, and her singular superiority to the pleasure of inspiring wonder, make it important to the purposes of philosophy as well as humanity that she should continue to attend her brother. Separation from her would indeed be an irreparable calamity to this unfortunate youth. By her own unaided ingenuity she has conquered the obstacles which seemed for ever to preclude all intercourse between him and other minds ; and what is still more important, by the firm and gentle exertion of her well-earned ascendant over him, she spares him much of the pain which he must otherwise have suffered from the occasional violences of a temper irritated by a fruitless struggle to give utterance to his thoughts and wishes.'

Mitchell survived his sister, living to the age of seventy-four. In the prime of life he was possessed of great strength, and he continued to enjoy robust health until within a few weeks of his death, which took place at Nairn, August 1869.

We now turn to the case of a blind deaf-mute, who has excited a lively interest in this country and in America.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December 1829. For a few months after birth she was a sprightly infant with blue eyes, but being of a weakly constitution, and afflicted with severe fits, her parents had little hope of rearing her. When eighteen months old, her health improved, and she advanced considerably in intelligence ; but soon she relapsed ; disease raged violently during five weeks ; and her eyes becoming inflamed, they suppurated, and their contents were discharged. At the same time she lost the sense of hearing. She was now, at two years of age, blind and deaf. But this was not all her misfortunes. The fever having continued to rage, after a few months her sense of smell was almost destroyed, and her taste was much blunted. She was also so greatly reduced in strength, that it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was not until she was four years of age that her health was

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entirely restored ; and yet in what a condition was she placed—deaf, dumb, blind, and possessing only a slight consciousness of smell and taste ! Every avenue of communication with the external world might be said to be gone, except feeling. The deprivations having taken place when she was an infant of two years of age, she consequently retained no recollection of having either seen or heard ; and as her eyes were destroyed, any hope of restoring vision was out of the question.

‘What a situation was hers !’ observes Dr Howe, in the account of poor Laura’s case. ‘The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her ; no mother’s smile called forth her answering smile, no father’s voice taught her to imitate his sounds ; brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat. But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated ; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house : she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house ; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

‘At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure, a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October 1837, they brought her to the institution.*

‘For a while she was much bewildered, and after waiting about two weeks until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted ; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use ; that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual ;

*The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, over which Dr Howe presided.

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the latter seemed very difficult, but if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

‘The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c. and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon of course distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She shewed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation—patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

‘After a while, instead of labels the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c.; and she did so. Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work. She perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and shew it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression. It was no longer a dog or parrot; it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used. The result thus far is quickly related and easily conceived, but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

‘When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes,

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into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her—for instance, a pencil or a watch—she would select the component letters and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

‘This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that “she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf-mutes; and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object—for instance, a pencil—first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers. The child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart, she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.”

‘The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health. At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract: “It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

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“When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

“During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly shew the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them; for if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!”

“During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one. The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

“She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who with much joy put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

“The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses,

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but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold ; for although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for woman's nature to bear.

'After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger ; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest ; she became very pale, and then suddenly red ; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

'After this the beads were all unheeded ; the playthings offered her were utterly disregarded ; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother ; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful ; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

'The subsequent parting between them shewed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child. Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment ; then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.

'Her social feelings and her affections are very strong, and when she is sitting at work or at her studies by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold. When left alone she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented ; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquises in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet ; for if she become sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs. In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe

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an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.

She now writes a legible hand, and can express all simple ideas in words, uniting nouns with adjectives and verbs in a manner perfectly intelligible. She writes with a pencil in a grooved line. At first she was puzzled to comprehend the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was indeed only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind.

We are told that she has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines; and most of her time is gay and frolicsome. She is now very expert with her needle, she knits easily, and can make twin bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a person in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing, than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell.

Mr Charles Dickens, who visited the asylum in the course of his journey in the States some years ago, mentions, in his *American Notes*, that he had an interview with Laura, whose condition greatly interested him. We take the liberty of extracting a few passages from the account of his visit.

‘The thought occurred to me,’ he observes, ‘as I sat down before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her

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own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad open brow ; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity ; the work she had knitted lay beside her ; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes. She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.

‘I turned over the leaves of her diary, and found it written in a fair, legible, square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching and following up her right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

‘She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visitors ; but having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher’s palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife’s with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl’s curiosity and interest. She was merry and cheerful, and shewed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion—herself a blind girl—who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately.’

Since this account was given to the world, other reports have been issued, from which we learn that Laura has become one of the most skilful teachers in the asylum for the blind at Boston.

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We learn from the further account of Mr Dickens, that there was in this institution a boy named Oliver Caswell, who had been deaf and blind since he was a few months old, and was now at thirteen years of age in a state resembling that of Laura Bridgeman. By the same kind attentions, he was learning to read by the touch, and to communicate his ideas by the fingers.

MISCELLANEOUS CASES.

Of the performances of persons who have been blind from early infancy—their remarkable tact in finding their way unassisted, their accurate memory of events and places, their skill and taste in music, their dexterity in many operations in science and art, and their acquirements in other respects, numerous anecdotes might be related. The following will be read with a degree of interest, as exemplifying the abilities of this unfortunate class of individuals.

JOHN METCALF.—The case of this person has always been spoken of as bordering on the marvellous, though, as he did not lose his sight till he was six years of age, and after he had been at school two years, the wonder is considerably lessened. John was the son of poor parents, and was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in 1717. After recovering from the disease which deprived him of sight, he continued to take part in boyish sports with his companions as formerly, roamed fearlessly over fields, walls, and ditches, learned to ride on horseback, to take a hand at whist, bowls, and other games. Swimming was another of his accomplishments, and he performed feats in this department which astonished everybody. On one occasion, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he was employed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

Music, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected by Metcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he had acquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be engaged as a performer both at Knaresborough and at Harrogate, where he was much liked and caressed. With his earnings as a musical performer, he bought a horse, and not only rode frequently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for small plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion he engaged, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse three times round a circular course of a mile in length against another party. As it was believed that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course, large odds were taken against him; but by the ingenious plan of stationing persons with bells at different points, he not only kept the circle, but won the race.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was six feet one inch and

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a half in height, and extremely robust in person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick in his motions, that few perceived his want at a casual glance; nor durst any one presume so far upon his defects as to ill-use or insult him. Not deterred by his privation, he paid his addresses to Miss Benson, the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Harrowgate, to whom he was married. After assuming this serious engagement, he continued to perform during every season at Harrowgate, increasing his income by keeping a chaise or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his search for means of bettering the condition of his family, he also travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to the coast for fish, which he brought to the markets of Leeds and Manchester. Such was his quickness and ingenuity, that no accident ever happened to himself or his horses on these journeys.

When the rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's stirring spirit led him to join the English army as a musician, and he remained with them up till the victory of Culloden. He then returned home, but not until he had formed a plan of future employment from what he had learned—for we can scarcely say observed—in Scotland. He adopted the idea that a number of the cotton and worsted manufactures of the north would sell well in England, and accordingly he made one or two journeys back to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in Yorkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly what each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. Still this trafficking did not prove suitable for a permanent line of life, and in 1751 he commenced driving a stage-wagon, twice a week in summer and once in winter, between York and Knaresborough. This employment apparently drew his attention to the subject of roads, and fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his chief celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage to his country. During his leisure hours he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself, and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, could reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. In short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical modes of mensuration. At this time it chanced that a new piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted between Fearnby and Minskip. Being well acquainted with the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his offer was accepted. The materials for the road were to be taken from one quarry, and there, with his wonted activity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed racks and mangers, and set the work agoing with great spirit. He completed the road much sooner than was expected by the trustees, and in every way to their satisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this man's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road contracts, and, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines where others were hopeless of

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success. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of nearly forty years, he pursued the employment of road-making and bridge-building, being by far the most noted and esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. The large bridge at Boroughbridge, and various others, might be named as proofs of his abilities and success. An anecdote is told which will exhibit the ingenious way in which he overcame difficulties which staggered other surveyors. Among the numerous roads for which he contracted was one on the Manchester line between Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original surveyor took the new line over deep marshes, which, in the opinion of the trustees and all concerned, seemed only passable by cutting or digging the earth till a solid bottom was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf tedious and expensive, and he attempted to prove to the trustees that such was the case; but they were fixed in their original views, and only permitted the blind road-maker to follow his own way, on condition that he should afterwards execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf began to his task. The worst part of the line was on Standish Common, where a deep bog existed, which it seemed impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set his men to work in cutting a line, and draining off the water, as far as that was possible. So little progress, however, was at first made, that everybody laughed at the poor blind man, who, it was thought, would have given up the task in despair had he had his eyes like other people. Nevertheless he proceeded unweariedly, until he had levelled the bog across, and he then ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were laid down close together on the cut line, and successive bundles laid over them again, after which they were covered and pressed down with stones and gravel. The issue was, that this portion of the road, when completed, was so remarkably firm and good, that it needed no repairs for twelve years, while other parts required frequent repairs. Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchases of wood, hay, or stones, to span the articles with his arms, and then calculate the amount mentally. Having learned the height, he could tell with great accuracy what number of square yards were contained in a stack of grain, of any value between one and five hundred pounds. His memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally by this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many towns, and ride along so many roads. While in York, on one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the George Inn, asked him as a personal favour to guide a gentleman towards Harrowgate. This place lay in Metcalf's own way, and he agreed to the request upon condition that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentleman. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, and Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metcalf contrived to pass some gates without

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leading to a suspicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered a forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet no turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his companion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf brought the journey to a safe close, though in those days a man with all his eyes about him might well have strayed from the path. On landing at the Granby Inn, the two travellers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf retired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of his companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked to the landlord that his guide had surely taken drink since his arrival. 'I judge so,' added he, 'from the appearance of his eyes.'

'Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?'

'Blind!' cried the traveller; 'surely that cannot be; he acted as my guide.'

'I can assure you, sir, he is as blind as a stone; but you shall judge for yourself.'

Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet trembling with agitation, exclaimed: 'Had I known your condition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds!'

'And I,' said Metcalf, 'would not have lost my way for a thousand!'

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was very wonderful. He could play at cards with no other guide; and when persons were by on whom he could depend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won through the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even when no friend was near him, it would have been very difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advantage, such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observation. One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen guineas from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife, who had brought him four children. He had before this realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge contracts, but he lost considerably in his old days by some cotton speculations into which he was led by his enterprising spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagements, and settled at Spotsforth, near Wetherby, in his native county. Here, having retained as much of his fortune as to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his latter days in happy ease in the bosom of his family. He died in the year 1802.

Of the attainment of skill in the arts by the blind, we have perhaps a still more remarkable case in that of the late Mr Strong of Carlisle. Although blind from birth, he acquired a thorough knowledge of diaper weaving, and was an adept in various mechanical arts; among other things, he constructed many articles of household furniture, and the model of a loom with a figure working it. The following anecdote is related of him while a boy of fifteen years of age. He concealed himself one afternoon in the cathedral during the time of service; after the congregation was gone and the doors

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shut, he got into the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. This had engaged his attention till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction, he proceeded to try the tones of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other: this experiment was not to be conducted in so silent a manner. In short, the noise alarmed the neighbourhood, and some people went to see what was the matter, when Joseph was found playing the organ. The next day, he was taken before the dean, who, after reprimanding him for the step he had taken in order to gratify his curiosity, gave him leave to play it whenever he pleased. In consequence of this, he set about making a chamber organ, which he completed without the assistance of anybody. He sold this instrument to a mechanic in the Isle of Man. Soon after this he made another, on which he played both for amusement and devotion.

In Scotland some interesting cases of blind persons arriving at dexterity in the arts could be produced. We have seen many figures of fair proportions and of delicate finish come from the hand of a blind man—his only instruments being the blades of a common pocket-knife. The daily work of another whom we knew was the fashioning of ornamental spoons, paper-folders, and the like, by which he gained for himself a more than comfortable livelihood. We believe the Laurencekirk snuff-boxes were originally executed by a blind man, and certainly nothing could surpass them for accuracy of form and beauty of finish. What is more wonderful, there resided in a country town in Scotland, some years ago, a blind person who followed the profession of an optician. This respectable individual grinded and polished lenses of all shapes with the most perfect accuracy, and fitted them to the exact focal distances with an aptitude which could not be surpassed by any one possessing the most perfect vision. That a person altogether blind was thus able to supply a customer with exactly the kind of spectacles he required, is surely a fine instance of the compensatory powers in the human faculties and energies. The ingenious individual to whom we refer possessed a touch so delicate that he could detect not only the most minute flaw on the surface of a lens, but could tell where the flaw departed in the least from the required convexity or concavity. We have likewise heard it mentioned that he could by feeling distinguish decided colours in cloth, such as black, red, green, or blue, from others of a fainter tint.

There are, we believe, few districts in England and Scotland which have not produced proficient on the violin who were blind; and in a like manner Ireland can shew its illustrious catalogue of blind performers on the national harp. Among the most remarkable harp-players of a past age was the famous Hempson, who died in 1807 at the age of 112, having been born in 1695. Hempson lost his sight when three years old, and being taught the harp

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while still a youth, he devoted himself with extraordinary ardour to the playing of the old national airs. Travelling from place to place with his harp, and playing at the houses of the nobility and gentry, where he was very acceptable, he visited most parts of Ireland and Scotland; and in 1745 had the honour of playing before Prince Charles Stuart at Holyrood. Latterly, when no longer able to travel, he lived in the house of his daughter; and such was his attachment to his harp, that he kept it constantly beside him in bed. A gentleman who visited him in 1805, when he was 110 years of age, mentions that, gratified with a call from an old friend, he started up in bed, and tuning the ancient companion of his wanderings, played some of the fine old airs of Ireland with indescribable feeling and delicacy. Hempson left few successors, the national instrument having gone almost out of use in Ireland. He left, however, one blind Irish harper—we might call him the last of the minstrels—Mr Patrick Byrne, who made a livelihood by playing to parties, and for this purpose he travelled, like Hempson, through different parts of England and Scotland, as well as his own country. Byrne was a well-informed, modest, and agreeable man, and was a delightful performer on his instrument. Such was his confidence in himself, that he walked everywhere without a guide: he successfully groped his way through the streets of the largest cities to the houses he intended to visit.

Of all the exploits in the way of travelling by blind persons, we imagine none excel those of Mr James Holman, usually styled the blind traveller. Mr Holman was bred to the naval profession, in which he had hopes of gaining distinction, when at twenty-five years of age his prospects were irrecoverably blighted by an illness leading to loss of sight. After the distressing feelings which accompanied the first shock of his bodily privation had in some degree subsided, the active mind began to seek for occupation and amusement, and finally pitched on locomotion. Acquiring an insatiable thirst for moving about, and if not seeing, at least hearing from description on the spot what each place and scene was like, he began to travel into foreign countries. Thus, between 1819 and 1821 he travelled through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Holland, and Belgium, of all which countries he has published a lively description. In 1827 he undertook a far grander expedition—a voyage round the world, which occupied him till 1832. What he heard and felt during this hazardous enterprise, which took him through Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, has also been described in a published narrative extending to several volumes.

Nothing more strikingly exemplifies the pliancy of the human faculties than the pleasure which this unfortunate gentleman derives from his examinations of remote and obscure parts of the globe, in the midst of numerous dangers and difficulties. Speaking of an

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exploring expedition on the coast of Africa in which he was concerned, and which required him to march for several days inland to visit a tribe of natives, he observes : ' I have ever throughout life, but perhaps more particularly since the loss of my sight, felt an intense interest in entering into association with human nature, and observing human character in its more primitive forms : this propensity I have previously had opportunities of enjoying in some of the countries most remote from European knowledge, amidst the wilds of Tartary and the deserts of Siberia : and I can refer to the indulgence of it many of my more pleasurable emotions. I believe the intensity of my enjoyment under the system I have adopted equals, if not surpasses, what other travellers experience who journey with the eyes open. It is true I see nothing *visibly* ; but, thank God, I possess most exquisitely the other senses, which it has pleased Providence to leave me endowed with ; and I have reason to believe that my deficiency of sight is in a considerable degree compensated by a greater abundance of the powers of the imagination, which enables me to form *ideal pictures* from the description of others, which, as far as my experience goes, I have reason to believe constitute fair and correct representations of the objects they were originally derived from.' We may safely aver that after the success which has attended Mr Holman's efforts, no man need be afraid to travel over the world blindfold.

It may have been remarked by those who have given attention to the physical disabilities of the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, that blindness alone is much less a disqualification in point of mental aptitude than congenital deafness. The difference arises from the impossibility of conveying intelligence to the mind by spoken language. The blind can be made to comprehend many things by means of oral communication, which the deaf cannot readily acquire by any species of literature. Spoken language is the means pointed out by nature to communicate ideas, to express emotions and sentiments of every kind ; literature, at best, is only an auxiliary, and fails to convey the refinements of expression, the delicacies of feeling, utterable by the tongue. On this account, it may be doubted if the most accomplished deaf and dumb scholar can be made to possess a nice perception of philosophical reasoning, or be able to write with force, eloquence, and precision. In ordinary circumstances, deaf-mutes, even after lengthened instruction, fail to write with grammatical accuracy ; so much do they lose by never having heard spoken language, and their ignorance of the value of sounds. We have seen, in the foregoing notices, that blindness does not prevent the attainment of a certain proficiency in arts requiring a knowledge of the beautiful and the exact in form. The deaf-mute from birth, however, rarely attains this distinction. We hear of a hundred blind musicians and poets for one congenitally deaf painter, sculptor, or author.

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Among the long roll of blind poets who have gained a deathless fame for their effusions, two distinguished names will readily occur to remembrance—those of Homer and Milton. Happily for themselves, these renowned followers of the Muses had not been always blind, and having made good use of their eyes in youth, they had little difficulty in presenting finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found in their compositions. Blind Harry, an eminent Scottish poet of the era of Chaucer, was less fortunate, as he was blind from birth, yet has presented many vivid descriptions of natural scenery. Dr Blacklock, the early friend and patron of Burns, blind from infancy, left behind him poetical compositions remarkable for their taste and feeling. But of modern blind poets none has excelled Carolan, the celebrated Irish musician and lyrical writer. A piece which he composed in his native Irish on the death of his wife—an event he did not long survive—has been generally admired. From a translation we extract the following lines :

‘Once every thought and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude, my heart a void !
Alas, the change !—to change again no more—
For every comfort is with Mary fled ;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
That erst adorned me in life’s early prime !
The cloudless temper, and the social heart !
The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime !
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more ;
The Muse deserts a heart with grief opprest,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.’

How far the deaf may be made to acquire an idea of sounds has been a subject of much conjecture. In comparatively few cases is the auditory nerve entirely destroyed, and it is often only in a state of dormancy or secluded by superficial disease from the action of sounds. We have seen how the unfortunate boy Mitchell delighted in tingling a key or tuning-fork on his teeth. The greater number of those who are ordinarily considered deaf are keenly alive to sensations produced by music, when the instrument is brought in contact with their persons. We are told of a lady in Paris who tried an experiment upon a young woman who was both deaf and dumb. She fastened a silk thread about the girl’s mouth, and rested the other end upon her pianoforte, upon which she played a pathetic air ; her visitor soon appeared much affected, and at length

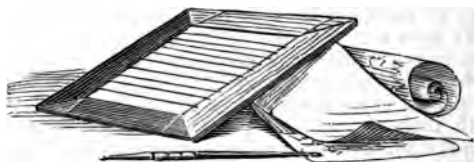
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burst into tears. When she recovered, she wrote down upon a piece of paper that she had experienced a delight which she could not express, and that it had forced her to weep.

It is mentioned in a German journal, that, in 1750, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord where some persons were playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense ; for he soon learned by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. He soon afterwards made his beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugural dissertation, published at Halle in 1754. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick against his throat or his breast, or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

Various devices have been adopted to teach the blind to read, the most successful being that in which raised letters are employed ; the touch of the fingers answering the purpose of sight. To perfect this species of printing for the blind, several kinds of letters, all more or less arbitrary in form, have been tried, in each case with some degree of success ; so that opinion is still divided as to which is on the whole the best. On this plan of raised figures palpable to the touch, maps and globes for teaching geography have been formed for the use of the blind, and are now introduced into all well-conducted asylums. To enable the blind to practise ordinary writing, a frame with cross wires is used ; and the writing is traced, without ink, by means of a style and a sheet of carbonised paper.*

* A simple and inexpensive form of this frame, contrived recently by a lady whose husband had lost his sight, is figured below ; the mode of using it is represented at the head of this tract. A description of it is given in *Chambers's Journal* for February 29, 1868.





PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER.*

AT the beginning of the present century, and during the consulate of Bonaparte, few young men of fortune made so brilliant an appearance amidst the learned and accomplished society of Paris as Charles Veramont Count de Charney. This gentleman, a type of many of his class, possessed natural powers of mind of no mean order; he spoke and wrote various languages, and was acquainted with most of the ordinary branches of knowledge. So far, his talents might be called enviable; while his fortune and station afforded him the most favourable opportunity of surrounding himself with all that could gratify his taste or desires. What, then, was wanting to render Charney happy in himself and with the world? His moral perceptions had been deadened. To a coarse mind, forgetful of everything but transitory indulgences, this would perhaps have been no source of immediate disquietude; but Charney's was

* This simple narrative is an abridgment and adaptation from the French of X. B. Saintine. The original, in the compass of a volume, has been exceedingly popular in France, where it is considered by the well-disposed as a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion and morals, and, from its style, likely to influence minds who would turn away from formal treatises of natural theology.

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not a coarse mind. He was fond of reasoning with the subtlety of a scholar on subjects of an aspiring kind—on the meaning of the universe of which he formed an atom—on creation and providence; and, blinded by prejudice, all his reasonings ended in difficulty, doubt, scepticism. He saw not, because his heart was untouched, that, reason as we will, all things—all design, order, beauty, wisdom, goodness—must ultimately be traced to one **great First Cause**—that all moral attributes and excellences are dependent from the throne of God.

With a mind groping in the wrong direction for something whereon to repose, it is not wonderful that Charney was dissatisfied. There was nothing on which his affections could be satisfactorily placed. The world was to him a sort of wilderness, in which he discovered nothing to love, admire, or venerate. Wrapped up in his own self-sufficiency, he esteemed no one. **Heaven spread her bounties around: they were enjoyed, but not with a thankful heart.**

Incapable of making private friends, Charney affected to take an interest in the **welfare** of an entire people—so much easier is it for a man to be a patriot than a philanthropist. Under the impression that the system of government at the time was detrimental to public welfare, he enrolled himself as a member of a secret society, whose object was to subvert the existing order of things. The particulars of the conspiracy are of little consequence; it is enough that the projects of the association occupied Charney during the greater part of the years 1803 and 1804, and were finally discovered by the police, who extinguished them with little difficulty. These were times when no great ceremony was employed in seizing and confining persons accused of political offences. Bonaparte was not a man to be trifled with. The leaders of the conspiracy were quietly removed from their homes, condemned almost without a trial, and separated from each other. In the eighty-six departments of France there were many prisons.

It was in the fortress of Fénestrelle that Charles Veramont Count de Charney was incarcerated, being accused of an attempt to overthrow the government, and substitute anarchy and disorder. Let us behold him the tenant of one rude chamber, with no attendant but his jailer, instead of the luxurious master of a princely mansion! Yet he was supplied with all necessities. It was the weight of his own thoughts which appeared insupportable. However, there was no escape from them, for all correspondence with the world was forbidden; and he was not allowed to retain books, pens, or paper. The chamber which he occupied was situated at the back of the citadel, in a little building raised upon the ruins of the old fortifications, now rendered useless by modern inventions. The four walls, newly whitewashed, left not even a trace of any former occupant; a table of just sufficient size for him to eat from; one chair, which, standing singly, seemed to warn him that he must not hope for a

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companion ; a chest, that contained his linen and clothes ; a little cupboard of worm-eaten wood, painted white, with which contrasted strangely a costly mahogany dressing-case inlaid with silver, and which was the only remnant of his past splendour ; a narrow but clean bed ; and a pair of blue linen curtains, that seemed hung at his window in mockery, for through its thick bars, or from the high wall which rose about ten feet beyond it, he neither feared the impertinence of curious eyes, nor the overpowering rays of the sun. Such was the furniture of his prison-chamber. The rest of his world was confined to a short stone staircase, which, turning sharply round, led to a little paved yard, that had formerly been one of the outworks of the citadel. And here it was that for two hours a day he was permitted to walk. This even was a privilege ; for, from this little enclosure, he could behold the summits of the Alps, which lay behind his prison, though not the rocks and forests with which they were studded. Alas ! once returned to his chamber, his horizon was bounded by the dull wall of masonry that separated him from the sublime and picturesque scenery which might have relieved the tedium of the day. At the extremity of the wall was a little window, breaking alone its uniformity ; and here, from time to time, Charney fancied that he recognised a melancholy figure.

This was his world—where his demon of THOUGHT still possessed him ; and here, by ITS dictation, he wrote the most terrible sentences on the wall, near to the sacred keepsakes of his mother and sister ! By turns he directed his mind to the merest trifles—manufactured whistles, boxes, and little open baskets of fruit stones—made miniature ships of walnut shells, and plaited straw for amusement. To vary his occupations, he engraved a thousand fantastic designs upon his table ; houses upon houses, fish upon the trees, men taller than the steeples, boats upon the roofs, carriages in the middle of the water, and dwarf pyramids by the side of gigantic flies ! Perhaps, however, the greatest interest this victim of ennui experienced, was the curiosity he felt concerning the figure he sometimes saw at the little window to which we before alluded. At first he took the stranger for a spy, placed there to watch his movements ; and then he fancied he was one of his enemies enjoying the sight of his degradation—for Charney was the most suspicious of mortals. When at last he questioned the jailer, the poor man only deceived him, though unintentionally.

‘He is one of my own countrymen, an Italian,’ said he ; ‘a good Christian, for I find him often at prayers.’

Charney asked, ‘Why is he imprisoned?’

‘Because he tried to assassinate General Bonaparte,’ returned the jailer.

‘Is he, then, a patriot?’

‘Oh no ; but he lost his son in the war in Germany, and that maddened him. He has but one child left—his daughter.’

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'Oh, then it was in a transport of passion and selfishness?' replied Charney. And then he continued, 'Pray, how does this bold conspirator amuse himself here?'

'He catches insects,' said Ludovic the jailer with a smile.

Charney could no longer detest, he only despised him, as he answered: 'What a fool he must be!'

'Why, count, is he a fool? He has been longer a prisoner than you have, yet already you have become a master in the art of carving on wood.'

Notwithstanding the irony of this expression, Charney betook himself to his old occupations; and in such wearying puerilities passed an entire winter. Happily for him a new source of interest was opening.

It was a beautiful morning in spring, when Charney, as usual, paced the little courtyard. He walked slowly, as if thus he could increase the actual space which lay before him. He counted the paving stones one by one, doubtless to prove if his former calculations of this important matter were correct. With eyes bent to the ground, he perceived an unusual appearance between two of the stones. It was but a very little hillock of earth open at the top. Stooping down, he lightly raised some of the particles of soil, and now saw a little blade of vegetation which had scarcely yet escaped from a seed, which had been dropped probably by a bird, or wafted thither by the wind. He would have crushed it with his foot, but at that instant a soft breeze brought to him the odour of honeysuckle and seringa, as if to ask pity for the poor plant, and whisper that it also would perhaps some day have fragrance to bestow! Another idea also stayed his movement. How had this tender blade, so fragile that a touch would break it—how had this tender blade been able to raise itself, and throw from it the hard dry earth almost cemented to the stones by the pressure of his own feet? Interested by the circumstance, again he stooped to examine the infant plant.

He perceived a sort of soft coating, which, folding itself over the young leaves, preserved them from injury, while they pierced the crust of earth and burst into the air and sunshine. Ah! said he to himself, this is the secret. It derives from nature this principle of strength, just as birds, before they are hatched, are provided with beaks to break the egg-shell. Poor prisoner! thou at least in thy captivity dost possess an instrument for thine own liberation. He looked at it for a few moments, but thought no more of crushing it.

The next afternoon, while walking, again, from sheer absence of mind, he nearly stepped upon the little plant. Yet he paused instinctively, surprised himself at the interest it awakened. He found that it had grown in the four-and-twenty hours, and that, having basked in the sunshine, it had lost the sickly paleness he

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had noticed the previous day. He reflected on the strange power this feeble stem possessed of nourishing itself, and acquiring the various colours assigned to its different parts. 'Yes,' thought he, 'its leaves will of course be of a different shade from the stem; and its flowers, I wonder what colour they will be? How is it that, fed from the same source, one imbibes blue, and another scarlet? They will so shew themselves, however; for, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder there is in the world, matter certainly obeys regular, though blind laws. Very blind,' he repeated to himself; 'if I needed another proof, here is one. These great lobes, which helped the plant to burst through the earth, are now quite useless; but still they hang heavily upon it, and exhaust its sap!'

While the count thus reasoned, the evening drew on; and though it was spring-time, the nights were cold. As the sun sank, the lobes he had been watching rose slowly before his eyes, and as if to justify themselves in his opinion, drew nearer to each other, enclosing the tender leaves, folding their soft wings over the plant, and thus protecting it from cold, or the attack of insects! Charney understood this silent answer all the better from perceiving that the outer coating had been eaten the preceding night by the slugs, whose silver trail still remained upon the surface.

This strange dialogue, carried on by thought on one side, and action on the other, could not rest here; for Charney was too much accustomed to dispute, to yield his opinion at once to a good reason. 'It is all very well,' said he to himself; 'as it often happens, several fortunate accidents have combined to favour this little plant. Armed at first with a lever to raise up the earth, and a shield to defend it from injury, there was a double chance of its existence; but for these, the germ would have been stifled, as doubtless myriads of the same species are, which nature having imperfectly formed, are unable to preserve themselves, or perpetuate their kind. Who can know the number of these unfinished productions? Bah! there is nothing in all I have noticed but a lucky chance.'

Count Charney, nature has still an answer to all your arguments. Be patient, and perhaps you will discover that this frail production was providentially placed in the courtyard of your prison for a useful purpose. You are right in thinking that these protecting wings will soon be insufficient for the purpose; but then they will wither and fall, no longer wanted. For when the north wind shall blow from the Alps damp fogs and flakes of snow, the new leaves still in the bud shall find there a safe asylum, a dwelling prepared for them, impervious to the air, cemented with gum and resin, which, increasing according to their growth, will only open in genial weather; and when returning sunshine calls them forth, they press together, thus borrowing and lending fraternal support, and find themselves provided with a downy covering to protect them from atmospheric

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changes. Be sure, wherever danger increases, the care of Providence is redoubled.

The prisoner still watched the changes of the plant. Again he argued, and again it had a ready answer. 'Of what use is this down upon the stem?' said Charney.

The next morning he saw that the down was covered with a light hoar-frost, which had thus been held at a distance from the tender bark!

'At all events, it will not be wanted in the summer,' continued the count; and when warm weather came, behold the plant was stripped of its first mantle, and its fresh branches were free from a covering no longer necessary. 'But a storm may come, and the wind will scatter, and the hail will tear thy tender leaves.'

The wind blew, and the young plant, too weak to wrestle with it, bent to the earth, and so found safety. It hailed; and now, by a new manœuvre, the leaves arose, and pressing together for mutual protection around the stem, presented a solid mass to the blows of the enemy: in union they found strength; and though the plant sustained some slight injury, it came out of the conflict still strong, and ready to open to the sunbeams, which soon healed its wounds!

'Has Chance intelligence?' asked Charney; 'can it join spirit to matter?' From attempting to discover some of the properties of this humble plant, and watching over its progress towards maturity, he unconsciously learned to love it; and *it was the first thing which he loved*, for his heart was at length touched. One day he had watched it longer even than usual, and surprised himself in a reverie beside it. His thoughts were calmer and sweeter than any he had experienced for a long time. Presently, on raising his head, he perceived at the window we before noticed the stranger, who evidently was watching him, and whom Charney had called in derision the *fly-catcher*. At first he blushed, as if the other had known his thoughts; and then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. What room was there for contempt? Was not his own mind absorbed in a very similar manner? 'Who knows,' said he, 'this Italian may have discovered in a fly things as worthy of being examined as I have in my plant.'

On re-entering his chamber, the first object which struck him was a sentence he had written on his wall about two months before—it ran thus:

'Chance is the parent of creation.'

He took a piece of charcoal, and wrote beneath it—'Perhaps!'

Charney chalked no more upon the wall, and only carved upon his table representations of flowers and leaves. His hours of exercise he passed almost entirely by the side of his plant, watching its growth, and studying its changes; and often, when returned to his chamber, he continued to gaze on it through the grated window. It had now, indeed, become his favourite occupation—the only resource

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of a prisoner! Will he tire of it as he had done of every other amusement? We shall see.

One morning, while looking at the plant from his window, he saw, or fancied, that the jailer, in crossing the courtyard with hurried strides, brushed so close to the stem that he almost crushed it. Charney trembled from head to foot. When Ludovic brought him his breakfast, he set about offering his petition, which was, that he would have the goodness to walk carefully, and spare the only ornament of the yard. But simple as the request may appear, he scarcely knew how to begin. Perhaps the regulations for cleaning the prison might be so rigid, that destruction must await the little thing; and if so, how great was the favour he had to ask! At last, however, mustering up courage to speak of such a trifle, he begged Ludovic—who, though the warden of a prison, and sometimes rough in manner, was not by any means a hard-hearted man—to spare the plant in which he had begun to take such a friendly interest.

‘Why, as for your wallflower’—began Ludovic.

‘Is it then a wallflower?’ interrupted the count.

‘Oh, I don’t know, I am sure; but all such things seem to me more or less wallflowers. But this I will say, that you are rather late in recommending it to my care. Why, I should have put my foot upon it long ago, had I not seen that you were interested in it.’

‘Yes, I do feel an interest,’ said Charney, in a confused manner.

‘Hush, hush,’ returned the other, winking his eye with a comical expression; ‘people must have something to care about, and prisoners have no choice. Why, I have known great people, clever people—for they don’t send fools here—amuse themselves at little cost. One catches flies—no great harm in that; another’—and here he winked again—‘carves with his penknife all sorts of monstrous things upon his table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture. Some make friends of birds, and some of mice. Now, so much do I respect these fancies, that I have sent away our cat, though my wife doted on her, for fear of her killing them. Perhaps she might not have injured them, but I would not run any risk; I should have been a villain if I had; for all the cats in the world are not worth the bird or mouse of a prisoner.’

‘It was very good of you,’ replied Charney, feeling himself humbled at being thought capable of such childish tastes. ‘But this plant is for me something more than an amusement.’

‘Well, what matters it? If it reminds you of the tree under which you prattled to your mother in your childhood, so much the better. The superintendent has not spoken about it, and as for me, I shut my eyes to things I don’t wish to see. If it should grow to be a tree, and so be able to help you over the wall, it will be another affair; but we have no need to think of that yet a while,’ he added with a laugh; ‘though, I am sure, I wish you the free use of your

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legs with all my heart ; but this must happen according to order. If you were to try to escape'—

'What would you do?'

'Do! Why, it should be over my body ; I would shoot you myself, or tell the sentinel to fire, with as little remorse as if you were a rabbit. But touch a leaf of your wallflower ! No, I have not a heart for that. I have always considered that man unworthy of the dignity of being a jailer, who would crush a spider that a prisoner had become attached to ; it is a wicked action—a crime. Talking of spiders,' continued Ludovic, 'I'll tell you a story about a prisoner who was let out at last by the help of the spiders.'

'By the help of the spiders !' exclaimed Charney with astonishment.

'Yes,' replied the jailer ; 'it is about ten years ago ; Quatremer Disjonval was his name. He was a Frenchman, like you, though he had employment in Holland, and sided with the Dutch when they revolted. For this he was put into prison, where he stayed eight years, without having even then a prospect of being released—for I heard all about him, count, from a prisoner we had here before you came—and who formed an acquaintance with the spiders ; though, luckily, Bonaparte gave him the use of his legs again, without waiting so long for it as his friend had done. Well, this poor Disjonval having nothing to amuse himself with during these eight long years, took to watching the spiders ; and at last, from their actions, he could tell what the weather would be for ten, twelve, or fourteen days to come. Above all, he noticed that they only spun their large wheel-like webs in fine weather, or when fine clear weather was setting in ; whereas, when wet and cold were coming, they retreated clean out of sight. Now, when the troops of the Republic were in Holland, in December 1794, a sudden and unexpected thaw so altered the plans of the generals, that they seriously thought of withdrawing the army, and accepting the money that the Dutch would have willingly paid to be free of them. But Disjonval, who thought any masters would be better than his present ones, hoped, beyond all things, that the French would be victorious ; and knowing that only the weather was against them, watched his friendly spiders with redoubled interest. To his joy, he discovered that a frost was coming ; a frost which would render the rivers and canals able to bear the weight of the baggage and artillery. He contrived to have a letter conveyed to the commander-in-chief, assuring him that a frost would set in within fourteen days ; he, either believing what he wished, or really putting faith in a prisoner's experience, maintained his ground ; and when, at the end of twelve days, every river was frozen over, Disjonval no doubt felt that, if the French gained the day, he deserved his freedom at their hands. And he had it too ; for when they entered Utrecht in triumph, one of the first orders issued was for the liberation of Quatremer

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Disjonval. This is a fact, count; though I heard it said that afterwards he continued his affection for the spiders, and wrote about them too. Ah, it is a curious thing how much such insects know, or at least how much they do, that we can't at all understand! They must be Heaven-taught, too, for they do not even seem to teach one another.'

Charney was touched by this recital, for well could he enter into every feeling of Disjonval; and his heart was softened by Ludovic's attention to his plant. Yet, now that he began to respect his jailer, his vanity urged him the more to give some reason for the interest he took in such a trifle. 'My dear, good Ludovic,' said he, 'I thank you for your kind consideration; but I must repeat to you that this little plant is to me more than an amusement. I am studying its physiology;' and as he saw that the man listened without understanding, he added, 'besides, the species to which it belongs possesses, I think, medicinal properties which are most valuable in certain attacks of illness to which I am subject!' He had descended to a species of falsehood. But, alas! this had seemed to him less humiliating than to acknowledge himself pleased with a trifle.

'Well, count,' said Ludovic, preparing to leave the room, 'if your plant, or its kind, has rendered you so much service, I think you might have shewn your gratitude by watering it sometimes. Poor PICCIOLA! * poor little thing! it would have perished of thirst if I had not taken care of it. But adieu, adieu.'

'One instant, my kind Ludovic,' exclaimed Charney, more and more surprised at discovering the character of the man; 'is it possible that you have been thus thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet never mentioned your goodness to me? I entreat you accept this little present as an earnest of my gratitude, though it is impossible I can ever repay you;' and he presented a little silver-gilt cup which belonged to his dressing-case. Ludovic took it in his hand, examining it with some curiosity.

'Repay me for what, Signor Count? Flowers only ask a little water, so we can let them drink without being ruined at a tavern,' and he replaced the cup in the dressing-case.

The count moved nearer, and extended his hand; but Ludovic drew back in a respectful manner, exclaiming: 'No, no; a man only gives his hand to a friend and an equal.'

'Then, Ludovic, be you my friend.'

'No, no; that would not do,' replied the jailer; 'one should have a little foresight in this world. If we were to be *friends*, and you were to try to escape, how should I have the heart to cry "Fire!" to the soldiers? No; I am your keeper, your jailer, and most humble servant.'

* Picciola—pronounced Pitchiola—is an Italian word signifying poor little thing.

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And now that Charney has learned another lesson—the lesson that *good* as well as evil is woven in that strange tangled texture, human nature—we must hurry over some of the succeeding events, and relate but briefly how he was attacked by illness, and how his rough friend Ludovic tended him through it. The reader must, however, remember, that in making his urgent, but, as it proved, most unnecessary supplications for his plant, the count had even descended to something like a falsehood; for he had said that he thought the plant possessed medicinal properties, a declaration which the honest jailer called to mind when he beheld his charge suffering from the delirium of fever. It is true the medical attendant of the prison had been called in; but whatever his judgment might be, his skill seemed unavailing. Charney was apparently in extreme danger, when, amidst the wildest ravings, he passionately exclaimed: ‘Picciola—Picciola!’ In an instant Ludovic concluded that it was for curing this disorder the plant was famed; but how to apply it was the question. Yet the thing must be tried; so, after a consultation with his wife, it was determined to cut some of the leaves, and make a decoction of them. Bitter—nauseous was the draught (probably a great recommendation in Ludovic’s opinion); but, administered at the crisis by means of which nature was working her cure, it had all the credit. Yet to describe Charney’s horror at the discovery of the mutilation to which his Picciola had been subjected, is impossible; but he felt it was the punishment of his falsehood; and so, as a medicine, it worked a moral change, if not a physical one! Neither may we describe very accurately how, before his attack of illness, Charney erected what he called ‘the palace of his mistress.’ He had been frightened one day by beholding the house-dog pass through the yard, for he feared that a lash of his tail might injure the beloved Picciola. Yes, Picciola was now her name, the title bestowed on her by the kind-hearted Ludovic, who was called her godfather. Although the nights were cold, and his allowance of firewood at all times insufficient, yet Charney cheerfully robbed himself day by day of some portion of his little store, till, with the aid of cords which he carefully spun from his linen, he erected a defence around the plant.

By the physician’s orders the count had now permission to walk in the courtyard whenever he pleased, though he was still too weak to take much advantage of the favour. Perhaps, however, there was something in his convalescent state favourable to contemplation; certain it is that he revelled in it more than ever. There was little to break in upon his reveries; the only event the solitary could bring to mind was, that he had once seen a second figure at the window where he had before noticed the entomologist. As for Ludovic, he might be a little more communicative; but he was in no degree more complying than his office lawfully permitted. Charney was anxious to procure pens and paper, that he might note

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down the observations he was daily making on his plant ; but these were obstinately refused, as against orders.

‘Why not write to the superintendent for permission?’ said Ludovic. ‘I dare not, and will not give them you.’

‘Never,’ exclaimed the count, ‘will I ask him to grant me a favour.’

‘As you please,’ returned Ludovic coldly, singing one of his native Italian airs as he left the chamber of his prisoner.

Too proud to humble himself to the governor, Charney was still unwilling to abandon his design. With the aid of his razor, he formed a pen of a toothpick ; his ink was made from soot dissolved in water, and mixed in a gilt scent-bottle ; and instead of paper, he wrote on his cambric handkerchief. Picciola was now in flower, and among the phenomena she revealed to him, he observed that the flower turned towards the sun, following the orb in its course, the better to absorb its rays ; or when, veiled by clouds which threatened rain, the sun was no longer visible, Picciola bent down her petals, as mariners fold their sails, to prepare for the coming storm. ‘Is heat so necessary to her?’ thought Charney ; ‘and why? Does she fear even the passing shadow which seems so refreshing? But why do I ask? I know she will explain her reasons.’ He who had almost denied a God began to have faith in a flower!

Picciola had already proved a physician ; and on an emergency she might serve for a barometer. Now she fulfilled the uses of a watch!

By dint of watching and observing, Charney remarked that her perfume varied at different periods of the day. At first he thought that such a notion must be a delusion of the imagination ; but repeated trials proved to him its reality. At last he could declare the hour of the day with certainty, simply from inhaling the odour of his plant. Picciola was now in full blossom ; and, thanks to Ludovic, who assisted the prisoner to construct a seat in the courtyard, the invalid could enjoy the society of his favourite for hours at a time. It sometimes happened that, towards the close of day, he sunk into a waking dream—a reverie—in which the imagination, triumphing over the body, carried him to distant and most different scenes. Once he thought himself in his old mansion ; it was the night of a festival—the noise of a hundred carriages rattled in his ear, and the gleam of torches flashed in his eye. Presently the orchestra sounded, and the fête began. The brilliant light of chandeliers flooded the ball-room, where jewels gleamed and feathers waved upon the fairest forms. There was the haughty Tallien and the beautiful Recamier ; and Josephine the consul’s wife, who, from her goodness and grace, often passed for the loveliest of the three. Others were, beside them, adorned with every aid which taste and dress could lend to youth and beauty. But it was not one of these that, in Charney’s reverie, riveted his attention. He distinguished a

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young girl simply attired in white ; her native grace and faint blush were her only ornaments ; and as he gazed upon her the other figures faded from his view. Presently they were alone, and as in thought he approached her more nearly, he observed that in her dark hair she wore a flower—the flower of his prison ! Involuntarily he extended his arms to clasp her, but in an instant she faded from his view—the flower and the girl losing themselves in one another. The walls of his mansion grew dim ; the lights were gradually extinguished ; till, reason dethroning fancy, the prisoner opened his eyes ! Behold, he was still on his bench, the sun was setting, and Picciola before him.

Often he dreamed thus ; but always the young girl with the flower—Picciola personified—was the prominent figure of his charming vision. He knew it was no memory of the past ; could it be a revelation of the future ? He cared not to inquire ; he only felt that it was happiness to cherish the beloved image. It was something to occupy his heart as well as his mind ; a being to understand and answer him, to smile with and love him, to exist but in the breath of his life—his love. He spoke to her in imagination, and closed his eyes to behold her. The two were one—the one was double !

Thus the captive of Fénestrelle, after his graver studies, tasted the richest elixir ; entering more and more into that region of poesy, from which man returns, like the bee from the bosom of flowers, perfumed and loaded with honey. He had now a double existence, the real and the ideal, the one the remainder of the other ; without which, man tastes but half the blessings lavished on him by the Creator ! Now Charney's time was divided between Picciola the flower and Picciola the fair girl. After reason and labour came joy and love !

Charney became daily more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his flower, his silent teacher and companion. But his eyes were unable to follow the regular but minute and mysterious changes of its nature. He was one day more than commonly depressed in spirits, and at the same time angry with himself for yielding to his feelings, when Ludovic brought him a powerful microscope, the loan of the stranger at the window, with which the latter had been accustomed to examine his insects, and by the aid of which he had numbered eight thousand divisions in the cornea of a fly ! Charney trembled with joy. The most minute particles of his plant were now revealed to his sight, magnified a hundred-fold. Now did he believe himself on the high road to the most wonderful discoveries. He had before examined the outer covering of his flower, and he is prepared to find that the brilliant colour of the petals, their graceful form and purple spots, and the bands, as soft to the eye as velvet, which complete the outline, are not there only to gladden the sight with their beauty, but that they also serve

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to collect or disperse the sun's rays according to the wants of the flower. . Now he perceives that these bright and glossy particles are unquestionably a glandulous mass of the absorbing vessels, endowed with a mysterious power to respire air, light, and moisture for the nourishment of the seed; for without light there would be no colour; without air and heat, no life! Moisture, heat, and light! of these the vegetable world is composed, and to these must its atoms return when they die!

During these hours of study and delight, Charney, unknown to himself, had two spectators of his actions; these were Girhardi and his daughter, who watched him with intense and kindly interest.

The daughter was one of those rare beings presented now and then to the world, as if to shew that nature *can* surpass a poet's dreams. Educated entirely by her father, the motherless girl was devoted to him; for though her beauty, her virtue, and her acquirements had won for her many lovers, her heart, however tender, had never been deeply touched. She seemed to have no thought, but her one grief—her father's imprisonment. She felt that her place was not among the happy, but where she could dry a tear or call up a smile; and to do this was her pride and triumph. Until recently, such had been her only thoughts; but since she had seen Charney, she had learned to take an interest in, and feel compassion for, him. Like her father, he was a prisoner, which alone was enough to awaken her sympathy; but the love he bore to his plant—the only thing to which his heart clung—gave birth to feelings of the deepest pity. It is true that the commanding person of the count might have had some weight in prepossessing her in his favour; though assuredly, had she met him in the hour of his prosperity, she would not have distinguished him for such qualities. In her ignorance of human life, she classed misfortune among the virtues; and this was the charm which had kindled her heart's warm sympathy.

One morning Girhardi, not content with waving his hand from the window by way of salutation, beckoned Charney to approach as near as possible, and modulating his voice, as if in great fear that some one else would hear him, exclaimed, 'I have good news for you, sir.' 'And I,' replied Charney, 'have my best thanks to offer for your goodness in lending me the microscope;' and, perhaps, in his life Charney had never before felt so deep a sense of obligation.

'Do not give me any thanks,' returned Girhardi; 'the thought was Teresa's, my daughter's.'

'You have a daughter, then; and they permit you to see her?'

'Yes; and I thank God that they do, for my poor child is an angel of goodness. Do you know, my dear sir, she has taken a great interest in you; first when you were ill, and ever since in watching the attention you bestow on your flower. Surely you must have seen her sometimes at the window?'

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'Is it possible ; was it your daughter ?'

'Yes indeed ; but in speaking of her I forget the news I have to give you. The emperor is going to Milan, where he will be crowned king of Italy.'

'What emperor ?'

'Why, General Bonaparte to be sure. Did you not know that the first consul has assumed the title of Emperor—the Emperor Napoleon—and having conquered Italy, he is going to Milan to be crowned king of that country?'

'King of Italy !' exclaimed Charney ; 'but what then ; he will be more than ever your master and mine. As for the microscope,' continued Charney, who thought much more of his Picciola than this great event, and who knew not what was to follow—'as for the microscope, I am afraid I have already kept it too long ; you are depriving yourself of it. Perhaps at some future time you will lend it to me again?'

'I can do without it ; I have others,' replied the kind old man, guessing from Charney's tone how unwilling he was to part with it. 'Keep it, keep it as a remembrancer of your fellow-captive, who, believe me, feels a deep interest in you.'

Charney strove for words to express his gratitude ; but the other interrupted him, saying, 'Let me finish what I had to tell. They say that at the approaching coronation many pardons will be granted. Have you any friends who now can speak for you ?'

Charney shook his head mournfully as he replied, 'I have no friends.'

'No friends !' echoed the old man with a look of compassion ; 'have you, then, doubted and suspected your fellow-creatures, for friendship surely exists for those who believe in it ? Well, well, if you have not, I have friends whom adversity even has not shaken ; and perhaps they may succeed for, you, though they have failed for me.'

'I will ask nothing of General Bonaparte,' replied the count in a tone which betrayed his rooted hate and rancour.

'Hush !—speak lower—I think some one is coming—but no ;' and after a moment's silence, the Italian continued in a manner so touching, that reproach was softened as if falling from the lips of a father. 'Dear friend, you are still angry, though I should have thought that the studies you have now for months pursued, would have extinguished in your heart the hatred which God condemns, and which causes so much misery in the world. The perfume of your flower should have taught you charity. I have more cause to complain of Bonaparte than you have, for my son died in his service.'

'And it was his death you strove to revenge ?' replied Charney.

'I see that you, too, have heard that falsehood,' said the old man, raising his eyes to heaven, as if appealing to the Almighty. 'It is

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true that in my first moments of agony, when the people were ~~breathing~~ the air with their acclamations of joy for victory, my cries of despair were heard in an interval. I was arrested, and unfortunately a knife was found upon me. Informers, who lived by perjury, made it appear that I had designs on the life of Bonaparte; and he who was only a bereaved father, mourning in his first agony, they treated as an assassin. I can believe that the emperor was deceived; and were he so very bad a man, remember he might have put us both to death. Should he restore me to liberty, he will but repair an error, though I shall bless him for his mercy. For myself, I can endure captivity, for I have faith in Providence, and resign myself to the will of God; but my misfortune weighs heavily on Teresa—though we both suffer less from being together—and for her sake I would indeed wish to be free. Surely you, too, have some being who loves you, who suffers for you, and for whose happiness, if not for your own, you will sacrifice this false pride? Come, let my friends do what they can for you.'

Charney smiled bitterly. 'No wife, nor daughter, nor friend, weeps for me!' said he; 'no human being sighs for my return, for I have no longer gold to bestow. What should I do in the world, where really I was no happier than I am here? But could I find there friends and happiness, and recover fortune, I would still repeat "No" a thousand times, if I must first humble myself to the power I struggled to overthrow!'

'Think again.'

'I never will address as emperor him who was my equal.'

'I implore you not to sacrifice the future to this false pride, which is vanity, not patriotism. But hark! now some one is indeed coming—adieu!' and Girhardi moved from the window.

'Thanks, thanks for the microscope!' cried Charney, before the other had quite disappeared.

At that moment the hinges of the gate creaked, and Ludovic entered the courtyard. He brought with him the provisions for the day; but perceiving that Charney was deep in thought, he did not address him, though he slightly rattled the plates, as if to remind him that dinner was ready; while he silently saluted my lord and my lady, as he was accustomed to call the man and the plant!

'The microscope is mine!' thought Charney; 'but how have I deserved the kindness of this benevolent stranger?' Then seeing Ludovic cross the yard, his thoughts turned to him, as he mentally exclaimed: 'Even this man has won my esteem; under his rough exterior, what a noble and generous heart there beats!' But while he pondered, he thought another voice replied: 'It is misfortune which has taught you to estimate a kindness. What have these two men done? One has watered your plant unknown to you; the other has procured you the means of examining it more narrowly!'

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'But,' returned Charney, still arguing with himself, 'the dictates of the heart are more true than those of the reason; and my heart tells me that theirs has been no common generosity.' 'Yes,' replied the voice, 'but it is because this generosity has been exercised towards you that you do it justice. If Picciola had not existed, these two men would still have been despised. One would have remained in your eyes an old fool, given up to the most contemptible trifling; and the other a coarse, and sordid, and vulgar creature. Encased in your own selfishness, *you* never loved before; and now it is because you love Picciola that you understand the love of others; it is through her they have been drawn to you!'

And Charney looked by turns at his plant and his microscope. Napoleon, emperor of France, and king of Italy! The one half of this terrible title had formerly induced him to become a furious conspirator, but now its magnificence scarcely dwelt in his mind for a moment. He thought less of the triumphs of an emperor and a king, than of an insect which wheeled with threatening buzz around his flower!

Provided with the microscope, now his own, Charney pursued his examinations with avidity; and were we writing a botanical work, instead of a narrative, we should be tempted to follow his discoveries step by step. But this may not be; though our story illustrates a *truth*. It is enough that, like one who stumbles in the dark, and consequently has often to retrace his steps, one theory was often overthrown by another in the mind of Count Charney. Yet nature was his teacher—the plant, and the bird, and the bee; the sun, and the wind, and the shower! His present enthusiasm compensated for his past ignorance; and though he called to mind but vaguely the system of Linnæus, it was after the careful and soul-thrilling examinations which revealed to him the nuptials of the flowers, that he first perceived, however dimly, the chain which binds the universe. His eyes wandered, the microscope was laid aside, and the philosopher sunk on his rustic bench overpowered by his emotions.

'Picciola,' he exclaimed, 'I had once the whole world in which to wander; I had friends without number, or at least such as usurped that title; and, above all, I was surrounded by men of science in every department; but none of these instructed me as thou hast done; and none of the self-styled friends conferred on me the good offices which I have received from thee; and in this narrow courtyard, studying only thee, I have thought, and felt, and observed more than in all my previous life. Thou hast been a light in the darkness, a companion to relieve my solitude, a book which has seemed to me more wondrous than every other, for it has convinced me of my ignorance, and humbled my pride: it has convinced me that science, like virtue, can only be acquired by humility; and that to rise we must first descend: it has shewn me that the first rail of

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this mighty ladder is buried in the earth, and that by this we must begin to climb. It is a book written in characters of light, though in a language so mysterious, that we should be lost in awe and wonder were not every word a consolation. The world thou hast opened to my view is that of thought—of the Creator, of Heaven, of the Eternal. It is the law of love which rules the universe; which regulates the attraction of an atom, and the path of the planets; which links a flower to the stars, and binds in one chain the insect which burrows in the earth, to haughty man who raises his brow to heaven, seeking there—his Creator!’ The agitation of Charney increased as the struggle in his heart continued; but he murmured again, ‘Oh God! oh God! prejudice has dulled my reason, and sophistry has hardened my heart! I cannot hear THEE yet, but I will call upon THEE; I cannot see, but I will seek THEE!’

Returned to his chamber, he read upon the wall, ‘God is but a word.’ He added, ‘Is not this word the one which explains the enigma of the universe?’

Alas! there was still doubt in the expression; but for this proud spirit to doubt, was to know itself half-conquered; and to Picciola he still turned to teach him a creed, and convince him of a God!

In contemplating and questioning the page of nature which was opened to him, time passed quickly away; and when exhausted by deep thought, he indulged in those reveries in which the fair girl floated before his eyes, linked in a mysterious manner with his beloved Picciola. Not only the outward events, the changes and progress of his plant, were chronicled on the cambric, but the inner world of poesy, the life of his day-dreams, was interpreted there, though perchance vaguely; for language has its limits, and cannot always reach to thought.

Once, however, his vision was painful; for suddenly the young girl became pale, as if by the finger of death. She stretched her arms towards him, but he was chained to the spot; an unseen obstacle interposed, and the dreamer awoke with a cry of agony. Strange, that another cry echoed his own, and that in the voice of a woman! Happy was he to find his anguish but a dream; himself upon the rustic bench, and Picciola blooming beside him; yet he felt that the shadow of evil was upon him. Honest Ludovic came running to the spot. ‘Oh, count,’ said he, ‘you are taken ill again, I fear; but never mind, Madame Picciola and I will cure you.’

‘I am not ill,’ replied Charney, scarcely yet recovered from his emotion. ‘Who told you so?’

‘Why Mademoiselle Teresa, the fly-catcher’s daughter; she saw you from the window, heard you scream, and ran to send me to your assistance.’

Charney was touched; he remembered the interest the young Italian had taken in his illness, and it was to her thoughtfulness

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he was indebted for the precious microscope. He felt himself all at once overpowered with gratitude; and strangely mingling the ideal of his dream with the figure he had once or twice seen at the window, he remembered that the latter had no flower in her hair. Not without some self-reproach, not without a trembling hesitation, did he gather one of the flowers from Picciola. 'Formerly,' murmured he, 'I lavished gold and jewels on worthless women and false friends without a feeling of regret; but oh, if a gift be valued in proportion as the giver prizes it, never, I swear, have I bestowed anything so precious as the flower which I borrow from thee, Picciola.' Placing it in Ludovic's hand, he continued; 'Give this from me to the old man's daughter. Tell her that I thank her from my heart for the interest she takes in me, and that the poor and imprisoned Count de Charney possesses nothing of more value to offer for her acceptance.'

Ludovic took the flower with an air of stupefaction; for he had been so accustomed to consider the prisoner's love for his plant as all-engrossing, that he could not understand how Mademoiselle Teresa's slight service had deserved what he knew was the most magnificent return. 'Well,' said he, after a moment, 'they can now judge from the specimen what a sweet thing my god-daughter is.'

Charney pursued his examinations, and every day some new wonders were developed. Picciola was in the height of her beauty; not less than thirty flowers graced her stem, and numerous buds had still to open, when, one morning approaching her with the joy of a lover, and yet with the gravity of a man about seriously to study, he started on perceiving that his beloved Picciola was beginning to droop. He supplied water to the plant with his most tender care; still she drooped the next day also. Something was wrong. On examining minutely into the cause of the illness, he learned, what he ought to have already looked for, that the stem, pressed between the edges of the two stones through which it had struggled into existence, was too slender to maintain the circulation in the plant. The stem must be set free from this tightening pressure, or death will be the consequence. Charney saw all this, and knew but one means to save the companion of his imprisonment. Alas! how could he save her? The stones must be broken or removed, and dare he hope that this indulgence would be granted? He waited impatiently for the next appearance of Ludovic, and communicated to him the disaster, with a humble request that he would furnish him with tools to release the plant from its bondage.

'Impossible,' answered the jailer; 'you must apply to the superintendent.'

'Never,' cried Charney impetuously.

'As you like; but I think this pride is somewhat out of place. I shall speak to him about it, I tell you.'

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'I forbid you,' replied the count.

'You forbid me—how amusing! Do you suppose I am to be ordered by you? But never mind; let her die if you like; it is nothing to me. Good-morning.'

'Stay,' returned the count, 'would the superintendent understand this favour—the only one I will ever ask?'

'Understand! Why not? Isn't he a man? Cannot he understand, like me, that you love your plant? Besides, I'll tell him that it's good for fever—for all sorts of sickness; and he's not strong; he suffers terribly from rheumatism. Well, well, you're a scholar; now prove it; write him a letter, not too long—pretty phrases.'

Charney still hesitated, but Ludovic made a sign of Picciola dying. The other gave a faint token of assent, and Ludovic went away.

In a few minutes afterwards, an official, half-civil half-military, appeared with pen and ink, and a single sheet of paper bearing the superintendent's stamp. He remained present while Charney wrote his request; then reading it, he sealed and took the letter away.

Reader, do you rejoice at the changed heart, or do you despise our noble count for thus conquering his pride to save a drooping flower? If the latter, you understand not the crushing influence of captivity on the haughtiest spirit; you imagine not the one strong love of a desolate heart, which perhaps saved the mind from madness or idiocy. The weakness of which you accuse him, was the very necessity of his mind, impelled by love and gratitude. Would that such holy springs were always near to bend the proud spirit!

Three hours dragged slowly away, and no answer came to the petition. Charney's agitation and anxiety were extreme. He could not eat. He tried to persuade himself that a favourable answer must arrive; that it would be impossible to refuse so simple a request. Yet, alas! concession might be too late; Picciola was dying! Evening came, and no relief to his anxiety; night, and Charney could not close his eyes.

The next morning brought the brief answer, that 'the pavement of a prison-yard was one of its walls, and must be inviolable!'

And so Picciola must die? Her odours no longer proclaim the hour truly; she is like a watch whose springs are disordered; she cannot entirely turn to the sun, but droops her flowers, as a young girl would close her dying eyes, rather than meet the gaze of the lover she parts from with anguish! And Charney is in his chamber writing with care and diligence on one of his finest handkerchiefs!

His task completed, the handkerchief was carefully folded; then returning to the courtyard, and passing Picciola with the murmured

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exclamation, 'I will save thee!' he attached the little packet to a cord which he found suspended from Girhardi's window. In an instant it was drawn up.

Yes! Charney had humbled his pride yet more : to save Picciola he had addressed a petition to Napoleon! And Teresa Girhardi, the voluntary denizen of a prison, had undertaken to be the bearer, although Charney knew not at the time *who* was the messenger her father had promised to find. Few were her preparations, for every minute was precious; and, mounted on horseback, accompanied by a guide, in less than an hour she had left the walls of Fénestrelle. It was evening when they arrived at Turin; but, alas! the first news which greeted her was, that the emperor had set out for Alessandria. His visit had made a fête-day, and the people were too busy and elated to answer her anxious questions very readily; yet her resolution was instantly taken to follow at all hazards. Here, however, the guide learning that the distance to Alessandria was at least equal to double that which they had already traversed, refused to accompany her a step further; and leaving her, as he said, to a night's repose at a little inn, he coolly bade her good-evening, as he should set out on his return the first thing in the morning. Although, for a moment, almost paralysed with the sense of her desolation, the noble-hearted Teresa faltered not in her resolution. She could hear of no conveyance till the morrow, but it was torture to think of losing the night in inactivity.

Seated in the chimney-corner enjoying their supper were a couple, man and wife, who were evidently travelling with merchandise. It is true Teresa had just heard the order given to feed their mules, which were sent to the stable; it is true she heard their expressions of delight at being housed after their journey; yet on their assistance she built all her hopes.

'Pardon my question,' said she in a trembling voice to the woman; 'but what road do you take when you leave Turin?'

'The road to Alessandria, my dear!'

'To Alessandria! It is my good angel which has led you hither.'

'Your good angel, then,' replied the woman, 'has led us through a very bad road.'

'What is it you mean?' said the man, addressing Teresa.

'Most urgent business calls me to Alessandria. Will you take me?'

'It is impossible,' said the woman.

'I will pay you well,' continued Teresa; 'I will give you ten francs.'

'I don't know how we can do it,' replied the man; 'the seat is so narrow, it will hardly hold three; though you are not very large, to be sure. But we are only going to Revigano, which is but half way to Alessandria.'

'Well, well, take me so far; but we must set out this instant.'

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'This instant! What an idea: we cannot start till the morning.'

'I will pay you double the sum.'

The husband looked at his wife, but she shook her head, exclaiming,

'The poor beasts; it would kill them!'

'But the twenty francs,' murmured he.

And the thought of twenty francs had so much weight, that before the clock struck eleven, Teresa found herself in the cart seated between the worthy pair.

In her impatience, winged horses would scarcely have contented her; but the slow pace of the mules, with their bells jingling in measured time at every step, seemed insupportable. 'My good man, make them go a little faster,' said she.

'My dear child,' replied he, 'I do not like spending the night in counting the stars any more than you; but I am carrying earthenware to Revigano, and if the mules trot, they will break it all to pieces.'

'Earthenware! oh!' groaned Teresa, while the tears streamed down her cheeks; 'but at least you can make them go a little quicker?'

'Not much.'

And so was performed the half of her journey. The seller of earthenware put her down on the roadside at the break of day, wishing her safe at her journey's end.

'Tell me, sir,' said Teresa to the first person she met, 'how I can procure a conveyance to Alessandria?'

'I do not think you will find one,' replied the stranger; 'the emperor reviews the troops at Marengo to-day, and every carriage, every place, has been engaged these three days.'

To another she put the same question. 'You love the French, do you? that accursed race!' was the answer he gave between his set teeth.

At last she got a ride for a mile or two, till one whose place had been engaged was taken up. And so, by degrees, she found herself on foot among the crowd of sight-seekers who thronged to Marengo.

A magnificent throne, surrounded with tricoloured flags, had been erected on a hill which overlooked almost the spot where, five years before, the battle of Marengo had been fought; and here the conqueror had determined to review his victorious troops. The aides-de-camp, covered with their glittering orders, passed rapidly to and fro; the trumpet and the drum sounded; banners floated in the breeze, and the plumes in the helmets waved. Napoleon was at the head of his guards; Josephine, surrounded by her ladies, was seated on the throne, with an officer by her side, deputed to explain to her the military evolutions. Interested as the empress was, she yet observed some slight disturbance near her; and on inquiring the cause, was told that a young woman, at the risk of being trampled down by the horses, had, under cover of the smoke, made

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her way across the line, and was earnestly beseeching permission to present a petition to her majesty.

What was the result of the interview will by and by be seen.

Over the dreary prison of Fénestrelle a yet darker cloud seemed to hover. Charney counted the minutes, and, unconscious who the messenger really was, sometimes blamed his tardiness, sometimes his own folly in daring to hope. The fourth day arrived; Picciola was at the point of death; and Girhardi came no more to the window, though from his room could be heard mingled prayers and sobs. The proud Charney hung despairingly over his plant. For her he had humbled himself to the dust, and yet was he to lose the charm of his life, the sole object of his love! Ludovic crossed the courtyard. Since the prisoner's affliction, the jailer had resumed his harsh deportment; for, as he dared not act, he would not speak kindly.

'Ludovic, what have I done to you?' exclaimed Charney in his wretchedness.

'Done! nothing at all,' replied the other.

'Well, then,' continued the count, seizing his hand, 'save her now. Yes, the superintendent has no need to know it. Bring me some earth in a box—but for a moment will the stones be removed. We will transplant her.'

'Don't touch me,' replied Ludovic roughly, drawing away his hand. 'Deuce take your flower, she has worked nothing but mischief. To begin with yourself, you're going to fall ill again, I know. You had better boil her down into drink, and have done with her.'

Charney looked unutterable indignation.

'However,' pursued Ludovic, 'if it only affected yourself, it would be but your own affair; but the poor fly-catcher, he'll never see his daughter again, that is certain.'

'His daughter!' exclaimed Charney in astonishment.

'Yes, his daughter. You may whip the horses, but who can tell where the carriage will roll? You may fling a dagger, but who can tell whom it shall wound? They've found out that you have written to the emperor—through the guide, I suppose.'

'His daughter,' repeated Charney, deaf to all else.

'Why, did you suppose your message would go by telegraph?'

Charney buried his face in his hands.

'Well, they've found it out,' repeated the jailer; 'and it is a good thing I had no suspicion. But she is not to be admitted to see her father again: they told him so yesterday. But your dinner is getting cold.'

The count threw himself on his bench. For a moment he thought of at once destroying Picciola, instead of watching her lingering death; but his heart failed him; and he dwelt on the generous girl who had devoted herself to his cause, and whose punishment, and

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that of her good father, would be so heavy. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'if they would but open again to thee these prison gates, how willingly would I purchase the favour by sacrificing the half of my life ! Blessings on you, ye noble pair !'

In less than half an hour two officers presented themselves in the courtyard, accompanied by the superintendent of the prison, who requested Charney to return with them to his chamber. The superintendent was a bald-headed man, with thick gray moustaches. A scar, which divided his left eyebrow, and descended to his lip, did not greatly improve his countenance ; but in his own estimation he was a person of great consequence, and on the present occasion he assumed more than an ordinary degree of dignity and severity. He began the conversation by requesting to know if Charney had any complaint to make with regard to his treatment in the fortress of Fénestrelle. The prisoner replied in the negative. 'You know, sir,' continued the great man, 'that in your illness every attention was paid to you. If you did not choose to follow the doctor's advice, it was not his fault, nor mine ; and since then, I have accorded you the unusual favour of walking when you pleased in the courtyard.'

Charney bowed and thanked him.

'However,' said the superintendent, with the air of a man whose feelings had been wounded, 'you have infringed the rules of the fortress ; you have injured me in the opinion of the governor of Piedmont, who doubts my vigilance, since you have succeeded in sending a petition to the emperor.'

'He has received it, then ?' interrupted Charney.

'Yes, sir.'

'What says he ?' and the prisoner trembled with hope.

'What says he ! Why, that for thus transgressing orders, you are to be conveyed to a room in the old bastion, which you are not to quit for a month.'

'But the emperor,' exclaimed Charney, striving to wrestle with the cruel reality which thus dispelled his hopes—'what says his majesty ?'

'The emperor does not concern himself with such trifles,' replied the superintendent, seating himself as he spoke in the only chair. 'But this is not all ; your means of communication discovered, it is natural to suppose your correspondence has extended further. Have you written to any one besides his majesty ?'

Charney deigned not to answer.

'This visit has been ordered,' continued the superintendent ; 'but before my officers commence their examinations, have you any confession to make ? It may be to your advantage afterwards.'

The prisoner was still silent.

'Do your duty, gentlemen.'

The officers first looked up the chimney, and then proceeded to

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rip open the mattress of the bed ; then they examined the person of the count, and the lining of his clothes, while the superintendent walked up and down the room, striking every plank with his cane, to discover, if he could, a receptacle for important documents, or the means of escape. But nothing could they find except a little bottle containing a dark liquid ; this was, of course, the prisoner's ink. There remained the dressing-case to be examined, and when they asked for the key, he dropped rather than gave it. The rage of the superintendent had now conquered all his politeness ; and when, after opening the dressing-case, the officers exclaimed : ' We have got them, we have got them,' his delight was evident. From the false bottom they drew the cambric handkerchiefs, closely written over ; and of course they were considered as the most important proofs of a conspiracy. When Charney beheld his precious archives thus profaned, he rose from the chair into which he had sunk, and extended his arm to seize them ; but though his mouth was open, words he had none. These signs of emotion only convinced the superintendent of the importance of their prize, and by his orders the handkerchiefs, bottle, and toothpick were packed up. A report of their proceedings was drawn out, and Charney was requested to sign it : by a gesture he refused, and his refusal was added to the list of his transgressions. Only a lover who is losing the portrait and letters of an adored mistress whom he has lost for ever, can understand Charney's deep anguish. To save Picciola he had compromised his pride ; almost his honour ; he had broken the heart of an old man, and blighted the existence of his daughter ; and that which alone could reconcile him to life is ruthlessly snatched away with all its fond memorials.

Yet deeper agony was reserved for him. In following the superintendent and his satellites across the courtyard, on their way to the old bastion, they approached the dying Picciola ; and the ire of the great man, already at fever-heat from Charney's contemptuous silence, was yet increased by the sight of the props and defence placed round the plant.

'What is all this ?' said he to Ludovic, who came at his call. 'Is this the way you watch your prisoners ?'

'That, captain,' replied the jailer with hesitation, drawing his pipe from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he made a military salutation—'that is the plant I told you of, which is good for gout and other illness.'

'Don't talk such trash to me,' returned the superintendent ; 'if these gentlemen had their will, I suppose they would turn the fortress into a garden or menagerie. But come, tear it up, and sweep all this away.'

Ludovic looked at the plant, at Charney, and then at the captain, and murmured some words of excuse.

'Hold your tongue, and do as I order you,' thundered the captain.

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Ludovic took off his coat, his cap, and rubbed his hands, as if thus to gain courage. Then he took away the matting, and made himself very busy in tearing it up and scattering it about the yard. One by one he plucked up the sticks and palings which supported the stem, and broke them singly across his knee. A stranger would have thought that his love for Picciola was changed to hatred, and that thus he was executing vengeance.

Meanwhile Charney stood motionless, gazing at Picciola as if to protect her with his eyes. The day had been cool, and the plant was refreshed; it seemed as if she had gained strength but to die the harder. And what now should fill the void in the prisoner's heart? what now should chase the evil spirits that had possessed him? who now should teach him holy lessons of wisdom, and instruct him to look up 'through nature to nature's God?' Must his sweet day-dreams never return? must he live his old life of apathy and disbelief? No, death at once would be preferable. At that moment the old man approached the window, and Charney almost expected that, maddened at being deprived of his daughter, he came to triumph at the misery of him who had been the cause. But when he looked up, and their eyes met; when he beheld the trembling hands of Girhardi stretched through the bars of his prison, as if imploring mercy for the plant, Charney's heart smote him bitterly for his evil thought, and, rising at the wand of sympathy, a tear rolled down his cheek—the first he had shed since childhood!

'Take away this bench,' cried the superintendent to the loitering Ludovic; and slowly as he worked, its supports were at last removed. Nothing now remained but Picciola in the midst of the ruins.

'Why kill it? it is dying,' exclaimed Ludovic, once more risking the captain's anger by his supplication.

The great man only answered by a smile of irony.

'Let *me* do it,' cried Charney passionately, on whose brow large drops of agony had gathered.

'I forbid it;' and the captain stretched his cane between Count Charney and the jailer.

At that moment two strangers entered the courtyard. At the noise of their footsteps, Ludovic turned his head and relinquished his hold of Picciola. Charney and he shewed emotions of surprise. The strangers were an aid-de-camp of General Menon and a page of the empress! The former presented a letter from the governor of Turin to the superintendent, who, as he read, testified every sign of astonishment. After a third perusal of the paper, and with a suddenly assumed air of courteousness, he approached Charney, and placed it in his hands. With a trembling voice the prisoner read as follows:

'His majesty, the emperor-king, commands me to make known his consent to the petition of Monsieur Charney relative to the

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plant which grows in the courtyard of Fénestrelle. The stones which incommode it are to be removed. You will be pleased to see that this order is executed, and will communicate with the prisoner on the subject.'

'Long live the emperor !' cried Ludovic.

'Long live the emperor !' murmured another voice, which seemed to come from the wall.

'There is a postscript from the empress,' whispered the page ; and Charney read on the margin :

'I recommend Monsieur de Charney especially to your kind offices. I shall be obliged by your doing all you can to render the position of the prisoner as little painful as possible.

JOSEPHINE.'

'Long live the empress !' shouted Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and remained some moments gazing on the paper mute and motionless.

Although Charney was permitted to retain his accustomed chamber, and the superintendent was even so far calmed as to send very often his complimentary inquiries after Picciola, he still thought himself justified in transmitting the handkerchiefs he had seized to the nearest authorities ; who, however, not being able, as they said, 'to obtain the key of the correspondence,' despatched them to the minister of police at Paris, to be by him examined and deciphered. Charney, meanwhile, was supplied with writing materials, and resumed his studies with avidity. But, alas ! Girhardi was no longer to be seen at the window ; for the superintendent, not daring to act harshly by Charney, had vented his spite on Girhardi for the share he had taken in the transaction, by removing him to a distant part of the fortress. Charney would really have been happy could he have forgotten that this tried friend was suffering for him.

Events, however, were hurrying on. Charney ventured to solicit the favour of a work on botany ; and the next day came a package of books on the subject, with a note from the governor, observing that, 'as her majesty was a great botanist, she would probably be pleased to learn the name of the flower in which she was so greatly interested.'

'And must I study all these,' exclaimed Charney with a smile, 'to compel my flower to tell me her name ?'

But with what exquisite sensations did he once more turn the leaves of a book, and gaze on printed characters ? Nevertheless, the authors differed so greatly in their systems of classification, that after a week's laborious research, he gave up his task in despair. Nor was this the worst ; for, in questioning the very last flower that Picciola bore, examining it petal by petal, it fell to pieces in his hand, thus destroying his hope of preserving the seed.

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'Her name is Picciola !' exclaimed Charney in grief and anger ; 'and she shall have no other—Picciola, the prisoner's friend, companion, and teacher.' As he spoke, there fell from one of the books a slip of paper, which contained these words : 'Hope, and tell your neighbour to hope, for God does not forget you.'

The writing was that of a woman, and Charney could not doubt it was placed there by Teresa. 'Tell your neighbour to hope.' 'Poor girl !' thought he, she dare not name her father, and is unconscious that we no longer meet.'

The very next morning Ludovic entered his chamber with a countenance radiant with joy, and informed him that the apartment next to his was to be occupied by Girhardi, and that they were to share the courtyard between them ! And the next moment his friend stood before him. For an instant they looked at each other, as if doubting the reality of their meeting, till Charney exclaimed : 'Who has done this ?'

'My daughter, undoubtedly,' replied the old man ; 'every happiness I derive through her.'

Charney again pressed Girhardi's hand, and drawing forth the slip of paper, presented it to him.

'It is hers, it is hers ; and behold the hope is realised !'

Charney involuntarily stretched forth his hand to recover the paper ; but he saw that the old man trembled with emotion, that he read it letter by letter, and covered it with kisses. He felt that, precious as it was, it no longer belonged to himself. Our egotist was learning gratitude and generosity !

Their first thoughts, their first discourse, were of Teresa ; but they were lost in conjecture as to where she could be, and how she had obtained such influence. After a while, the old man looked up, and read the sentences which the philosopher had inscribed on his wall. Two of them had already been modified ; a third ran thus : 'Men exist on the earth near to each other, but without a connecting-link. For the body, this world is a crowded arena, where one is battled with and bruised on all sides ; but for the heart it is a desert !'

Girhardi added : 'If one is without a friend !'

The captives were indeed *friends*, and they had no secrets from each other. Girhardi confessed *his* early errors, which had been the opposite extreme to those of his companion. Yes, the benevolent old man had once been the morose superstitious bigot ; but this is not the place for his story ; nor may we repeat those holy conferences which completed the change Picciola had begun. But *she* was still the book, Charney the pupil, and Girhardi the teacher.

'My friend,' said Charney to the old man, as they were seated on the bench together, 'you who have made insects your study, tell me, do they present as many wonders to your view as I have found in Picciola ?'

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'Perhaps yet more,' replied Girhardi; 'for methinks you are only half acquainted with your plant, unless you know the nature of the little beings which so often visit her, and fly and buzz around her. By the examination of these creatures we discover some of the hidden springs, the secret laws, which connect the insect and the flower, as they are bound to the rest of the universe.' While he spoke, a butterfly of gorgeous colours, as if to verify his words, alighted on a sprig of Picciola, shaking its wings in a peculiar manner. Girhardi paused.

'Of what are you thinking?' said Charney.

'I am thinking,' returned the other, 'that Picciola herself will help to answer your former question. Behold this butterfly, she has just deposited the hope of her posterity on one of the branches.'

Charney gazed with attention, and beheld the gay insect fly away, after having hardened the eggs with a sort of gummy juice, which caused them to adhere firmly to the tender bark.

'Think you,' continued Girhardi, 'that all this happens by chance? Believe it not. Nature, which is God, provides a different sort of plant for every different sort of insect. Every vegetable thing has its guests to lodge and to feed! This butterfly, you know, was itself at first a caterpillar, and in that state was nourished by the juices of such a plant as this; but though, since her transformation, in her winged state she has roved from flower to flower, now that the hour of maternity approaches, she forgets her wandering habits, and returns to the plant which nourished herself in a former state. And yet she cannot remember her parent, and will never see her offspring; for the butterfly's purpose is accomplished—it will shortly die. It cannot be a recollection of the plant which prompts the action, for its appearance is very different from that it bore in the spring. Who has given the insect this knowledge? Observe, too, the branch which it has chosen; it is one of the oldest and strongest—one not likely to be destroyed by the frost of winter, nor broken by the wind.'

'But,' said Charney, 'is this always so? Are you sure that it is not your imagination which sees order in mere chance?'

'Silence, sceptic,' replied Girhardi with a faint smile; 'have patience, and Picciola herself shall instruct you. When the spring comes, and the first young leaves begin to open, the insect will burst from its shell; then, but not till then, not till the proper food is within its reach. Of course you know that different trees burst into foliage at different periods; and in the same manner the eggs of different insects open at different times. Were it otherwise, there would indeed be distress and confusion. Were the insects to arrive first, there would be no food; and were the leaves full grown before the arrival of the caterpillars, they would be too hard to be separated by their tender jaws. But Nature provides all things aright—the plant to the insect, the insect to the plant.'

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‘Picciola! Picciola!’ murmured Charney, ‘what new wonders hast thou to shew me?’

‘They are infinite,’ continued the old man; ‘imagination is exhausted in attempting to conceive the variety, yet exactness, of the means employed to continue the existence of different creatures. The telescope conveys to us an idea—faint and imperfect though it be—of the vastness of creation; the microscope shews us that the particles of matter are, in their minuteness, equally incomprehensible. Think of the cable of a spider—let us call it so—being composed of a hundred threads; and these, doubtless, are again as divisible. Look at others of the insect tribe, how curiously their bodies are provided and protected—some with a scaly armour to protect them from injury; a net-work to defend their eyes—so fine, that neither a thorn, nor the sting of an enemy, could deprive them of sight: creatures of prey have nimble feet to chase their victims, and strong jaws to devour them, or to hollow out the earth for a dwelling, in which they place their booty or deposit their eggs. Again, how many are provided with a poisoned sting with which to defend themselves from their enemies. Ah, the more close our examinations, the more clearly do we perceive that every living thing is formed according to its wants and circumstances; so wondrously perfect, that man—supposing, for an instant, he had the power of creation—must injure, did he dare to alter, the merest trifle; so wondrously perfect, that man is awed by the very thought and contemplation of such infinite wisdom. Man, who is sent naked into the world, incapable of flying like the bird, of running like the stag, of creeping like the serpent; without the means of defence among enemies armed with claws and stings; without protection from the inclemency of the seasons among animals clothed in wool, or scales, or furs; without shelter, when each has its nest, or its shell, its den, or its hole. Yet to him the lion gives up its dwelling, and he robs the bear of its skin to make his first garments; he plucks the horn from the bull, and this is his first weapon; and he digs the ground beneath his feet to seek instruments of future power. Already, with the sinew of an animal and the bough of a tree, he makes a bow; and the eagle which, seeing his feebleness, thinks him at first a sure and easy prey, is struck to the earth only to furnish him with a plume for his head-dress. Among the animal creation, it is man alone who could exist on such conditions. But man has the spiritual gift of intelligence, which enables him to do these things; to take a lesson from the nautilus, ere he constructs his first frail bark; or to find that science only reveals the geometrical precision with which the bees work.’

‘But, my teacher,’ interrupted Charney, ‘it seems to me that the inferior animals are more perfect than we, and ought to excite our envy.’

‘No; for man alone is endowed with memory, foresight, the

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knowledge of right and wrong, the power of contemplation ; and for him alone is there the provision of a future state. Such as the lower animals are they have ever been ; if they are created perfect, it is because for them there is no higher destiny. From the beginning of the world, the beavers have built their dwellings on the same plan ; caterpillars and spiders have spun their webs in the same fashion ; and the ant-lions have traced, without compasses, circles and arches. One universal law has governed all ; man alone is permitted to exercise free-will, and therefore for man alone can virtue or vice exist. The world, too, is his to traverse from pole to pole ; he pitches his tent in the desert, or builds a city on the banks of a fertilising river ; he can dwell among the snows of the Alps, or beneath the sun of the tropics ; he bends the material laws to his purpose, yet receives a lesson from the insect or the flower. Oh yes, he cried ; ‘believe what Newton says—“the universe is one perfect whole ; all is harmony ; all the evidence of one Almighty Will. Our feeble minds cannot grasp it at once, but we know from the perfection of parts that it is so !” Oh that proud man would learn from the flower, and the bee, and the butterfly !’

At that moment a letter was brought to Girhardi. It was from Teresa, and ran thus : ‘Is it not a happiness that they permit us to correspond ? Kiss this letter a thousand times, for I have done so, and thus transmit my kisses to you. Will it not be delightful to exchange our thoughts ? But if they should permit me to see you again ! Oh, pause here, my father ; pause, and bless General Menon, to whom we owe so much. Father, I come to see you soon, in a day or two ; and—and—oh, pray for fortitude to bear the good tidings—I come to lead you to your home—to take you from captivity !’

Yet his joy was moderated by the thought that Charney would again be solitary.

She came. Charney heard her step in the next room ; he conjectured what her person could be—he could not picture it. Yet he trembled with apprehension : the polished courtier grew bashful and awkward as a school-boy. The introduction was appointed to take place in the presence of Picciola, and the father and daughter were seated on the bench when Charney approached. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes with which they had been mutually connected, there was restraint in their meeting ; and in the beautiful face of the young Italian, Charney at first persuaded himself there was nothing but indifference to be read. Her noble conduct had only proceeded from a love of adventure and obedience to her father’s commands. He half regretted that he had seen her, since her presence dispelled the dim and shadowy thoughts he so long had nourished. But whilst they were seated on the bench, Girhardi gazing at his daughter, and Charney uttering some cold and unmeaning phrases, Teresa turned suddenly to her father, by which means there escaped

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from the folds of her dress a locket, which she wore suspended round her neck. Charney perceived at a glance that a lock of her father's white hair was on one side, and on the other, carefully preserved beneath the crystal, a withered flower. It was that he had sent her by Ludovic!

A cloud seemed to pass away from before the eyes of Charney. In Teresa he recognised Picciola, *the fair girl* of his dreams, with the flower resting on her heart, not in her hair. He could but murmur some words of rejoicing; but the ice was broken, and they understood how much they had mutually thought of each other. She listened to his history from his own lips; and when he came to the recital of all he endured when Picciola was about to be sacrificed, Teresa exclaimed with tenderness, 'Dear Picciola, thou belongest to me also, for I have contributed to thy deliverance!' And Charney thanked her in his heart for this adoption; for he felt it established more than ever a holy communion between them.

Willingly would Charney have sacrificed for ever liberty, fortune, and the world, could he have prolonged the happiness he experienced during the three days which passed before the necessary forms for Girhardi's liberation were completed. But, in proportion to this happiness, must be the pang of separation; and now he dared to ask himself the bold question, 'Was it possible that Teresa loved him?' No; he would not dare so to misinterpret her tenderness, her pity, her generosity; and he tried to believe that he rejoiced; that it would have been an additional pang to think he had ruffled the serenity of her heart. 'But I,' he exclaimed—'I will love her for ever, and substitute this exquisite reality for all my unsatisfying dreams.' This love, however, must be cherished in secret; for it would be a crime to impart it. They were about to be separated for ever; she to return to the world, doubtless to marry; and he to remain in his prison alone with Picciola, and her memory. He tried to assume coldness of manner, but his haggard countenance betrayed him; while Teresa, equally conscious and equally generous, willing to endure all, so that his peace of mind were not injured, assumed a gaiety of manner that ill accorded with the scene. Modesty and timidity, also, conspired to make her conceal her emotions. Yet there are moments when the heart will speak its language without control; and that of their parting was one. But few and broken ejaculations were heard, though Teresa's last words were, stretching out her arms to the plant, 'I call Picciola for my witness!'

Happiness must be tasted and lost to be appreciated; and so Charney felt. Never had he so appreciated the father's wisdom and the daughter's excellence, as now that they were no longer beside him. Yet memory was sweet, and his former demon of *thought* was exorcised for ever.

One day, when Charney least expected it, the doors of his prison

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were thrown open. The persons who had been appointed to examine the handkerchiefs had carried them to the emperor. After looking at them for a while, he exclaimed scornfully, 'This Charney is a fool, but no longer a dangerous one; he may make an excellent botanist, but I have no fear of another conspiracy.' At Josephine's entreaty his pardon was granted.

And now it was Charney's turn to quit the gloomy fortress of Fénestrelle, but not alone. No; Picciola, transplanted into a large box, was carried away in triumph. Picciola, to whom he owed every happiness; Picciola, who had saved him from madness, who had taught him the consolations of belief; Picciola, to whom he was indebted for friendship and love; Picciola, who had restored him to liberty!

Now, too, Ludovic, stifling his emotion, extended his rough hand to the count, his *friend*; for he was no longer the jailer. Charney shook it with emotion, exclaiming, 'We shall meet again.' 'God bless you! Adieu, Count! adieu, Picciola!'

Six months afterwards, a splendid carriage stopped at the state prison of Fénestrelle. A traveller descended, and asked for Ludovic Ritti. A lady leant upon his arm; they were the Count and Countess Charney. Once again they visited the prison-chamber. Of all the sentences of despair and unbelief which had soiled its white walls, only one remained. It ran thus: 'Science, wit, beauty, youth, and fortune, cannot confer happiness!' Teresa added—'Without love!'

Charney came to request Ludovic to attend a fête which he designed to give at the christening of his first child, whose birth was expected towards the close of that year; and to beseech that he would quit Fénestrelle for ever, and take up his abode with him. The jailer inquired after Picciola, and learned that she was placed close to the count's private study, that he watered and tended her himself, and forbade a servant to touch her.

Ludovic arrived at the count's splendid chateau a few days before the christening. Almost the first thought of the honest fellow was to visit his old friend the prison-flower; but, alas! amid the emotions of love and happiness which had ushered the yet more dearly loved one into the world, Picciola had been forgotten, and was now fading to decay. Her mission had been happily fulfilled.



THE ANCIENT MARINER, AND OTHER POEMS,
BY COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.



T is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering
eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient Mariner
meeteth three gallants
bidden to a wedding-
feast, and detaineth
one.

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest is
spell-bound by the eye
of the old seafaring
man, and constrained
to hear his tale.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Marine
the ship sa-
ward with a
and fair we
it reached th

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she :
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedd
heareth th
music ; but
ner continue

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear !
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship c
a storm to
South Pole.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head ;
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The land of ice and of
fearful sounds, where
no living thing was to
be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird,
called the albatross,
came through the
snow-fog, and was
received with great
joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And, lo ! the albatross
proveth a bird of good
omen, and followeth
the ship as it return-
ed northward through
fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

' God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ? ' With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

The ancient Mariner
inhospitably killeth
the pious bird of good
omen.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch !' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow !'

His shipmates cry out
against the ancient
Mariner for killing
the bird of good-luck.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist ;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.'

But when the fog
cleared off, they jus-
tify the same, and
thus make themselves
accomplices in the
crime.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze con-
tinues ; the ship enters
the Pacific Ocean, and
sails northward even
till it reaches the line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

The ship hath been
suddenly becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink :
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross be-
gins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot : alas !
That ever this should be ;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root :
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood ;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried : 'A sail ! a sail !'

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call ;
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner ; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

A flash of joy.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

And horror follows;
for can it be a ship
that comes onward
without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but
the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen
as bars on the face of
the setting sun—the
spectre woman and
her death-mate, and
no other, on board the
skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks men's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death, and Life-in-
Death, have dined for
the ship's crew; she,
the latter, winneth the
ancient Mariner.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the
courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the
moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop
down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death be-
gins her work on the
ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,*
As is the ribbed sea-sand!

The wedding-guest
feareth that a spirit
is talking to him.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

But the ancient Ma-
riner assureth him of
his bodily life, and
proceedeth to relate
his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

He despiseth the crea-
tures of the calm,

* For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Author.*

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away :
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they
should live, and so
many lie dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they ;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth
for him in the eye of
the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and
fixedness he yearneth
towards the journey-
ing moon, and the
stars that still sojourn,
yet still move onward,
and everywhere the
blue sky belongs to
them, and is their ap-
pointed rest, and their
native country, and
their own natural
homes, which they
enter unannounced,
as lords that are cer-
tainly expected, and
yet there is a silent
joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide ;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the
moon he beholdeth
God's creatures of the
great calm ;

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;

THE ANCIENT MARINER,

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their
happiness.

He blesseth them in
his heart.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to
break.

PART V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

By grace of the Holy
Mother the ancient
Mariner is refreshed
with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind ;
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds,
and seeth strange
sights and commotions
in the sky and the
elements.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen ;

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side ;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's
crew are inspired, and
the ship moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
Be calm, thou wedding-guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corsers came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

But not by the souls of
the men, nor by demons
of earth or middle air,
but by a blessed troop
of angelic spirits sent
down by the invocation
of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit
from the South Pole
carries on the ship as
far as the line, in obe-
dience to the angelic
troop, but still requir-
eth vengeance.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean ;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound ;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

'Is it he?' quoth one ; 'Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross !
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew ;
Quoth he : 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind !

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated ;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance, for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather ;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded ; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter ;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away ;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snap't ; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated ;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made ;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—
Yet she sailed softly too ;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh, dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ship suddenly
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner
is saved in the pilot's
boat.

Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro :
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The devil knows how to row !'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The hermit crossed his brow ;
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou ?'

The ancient Mariner
earnestly entreateth
the hermit to shrieve
him, and the penance
of life falls on him :

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land :
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

And ever and anon
throughout his future
life, an agony con-
straineth him to travel
from land to land,

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are :
And hark ! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell,
To thee, thou wedding-guest :
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his
own example, love
and reverence to all
things that God made
and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

Is gone ; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

NOTE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a native of Devonshire, being born on the 21st of October 1772, at Ottery St Mary, of which his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, London, and distinguished himself as a scholar. Being of an imaginative and irregular turn of mind, he was ill adapted to the ordinary struggles of life, and in youth encountered various misfortunes. About the beginning of the present century, he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth ; and at Stowey, near the residence of the latter, he wrote his *Ancient Mariner*, and various other pieces ; in which may be seen the richness of his imagination and depth of his poetical and metaphysical temperament. The versification of the *Ancient Mariner* is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural ; yet the poem is full of vivid and original sentiment, and it possesses touches of exquisite tenderness. 'There is nothing else like it,' says a critic ; 'it is a poem by itself ; between it and other compositions there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' This lamented poet died at Highgate in 1834. In the present tract, we offer a few of his earliest pieces, trusting to make them favourably known in quarters from which they have hitherto been excluded. May every reader be able to say with the author : 'Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward ; it has soothed my affliction ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared my solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of LOVE,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land ;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng ;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stepped aside ;
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears ; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride !

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

[FROM THE UNFINISHED POEM OF CHRISTABEL.]

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother ;
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining ;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

PICTURE OF A DUNGEON.

[FROM THE TRAGEDY OF REMORSE.]

AND this place our forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot !
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure ! un comforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity !
With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters ;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

THE SIGH.

WHEN Youth his fairy reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man ;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled ;
Then, Mary, 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.

And when, as tossed on waves of woe,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen ;
Then shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguished sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power impressed
A stiller sadness on my breast ;
And sickly Hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die :
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

And though, in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were ;
Thy image may not banished be—
Still, Mary, still I sigh for thee.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME, AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing ! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore ;
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight,
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light ;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray ;
Ah ! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of love.
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing like a bride, from hope's trim bower
She leaped, awakened by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam ;
Aid, lovely sorceress, aid thy poet's dream
With fairy wand ; oh, bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes ;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with learning's meed not unbestowed :
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.
Oh, dear deceit ! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes ;
When first the lark high-soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn ;
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew wecps,
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance, soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;
With her I list the warblings of the grove ;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note.

Spirits of love ! ye heard her name ! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair ;
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle-trees,
Or with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;
Oh, heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music voyaging the breeze !
Spirits, to you the infant maid was given,
Formed by the wondrous alchemy of heaven.
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly ;
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye ;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's bright nectar dips
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips !
Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile :
She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy, still those mazy notes prolong.
Sweet as the angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
Awake the softened echoes of heaven's halls.
Oh ! (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem,
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam ;
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love, I'd be the evening gale :
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight ;
Or soar aloft, to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep :
So tossed by storms along life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted, views that cloudless day,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While hope with kisses nursed the infant love.
Dear native brook ! like peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek !
Dear native brook ! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still is gay ;
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray ;
Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears ;
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears ;
And Memory, with a vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy—
No more your skylarks, melting from the sight,
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight ;
No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between ;
Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope ! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve.
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze ;
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR [1795].

I.

SPIRIT who sweepst the wild harp of time !
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear !
Yet mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind ;
When lo ! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year !
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

II.

Hither from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish ;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish ;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze ;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexèd dance,
Ye Woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !
By time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour ;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice !
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell :
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth ! They, too, have heard thy spell ;
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array !
I heard the mailed monarch's troublous cry :
' Ah ! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay ?
Groans not her chariot on its onward way ?'
Fly, mailed monarch, fly !
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !
Manes of the unnumbered slain !
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain !
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutton hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants, screams !
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb !
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate !

IV.

Departing year ! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision ! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits : thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storiedst thy sad hours ! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were harp and song :
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make :
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake :
'Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might !
By Peace with proffered insult scared,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn !
By years of havoc yet unborn !
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared !
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul !
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, "full of gifts and lies !"
By Wealth's insensate laugh ! by Torture's howl !
Avenger, rise !
For ever shall the thankless island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow ?
Speak ! from thy storm-black heaven, oh, speak aloud !
And on the darkling foe

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF COLERIDGE.

Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud !
O dart the flash ! O rise and deal the blow !
The past to thee, to thee the future cries !
Hark ! how wide Nature joins her groans below !
Rise, God of Nature ! rise.'

• • • •

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion ! O my mother isle !
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers ;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks) ;
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child !
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore !
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven ! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood !
The nations curse thee !

• • • •

IX.

Away, my soul, away !
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark ! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !
Away, my soul, away !
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content ;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the seraphim.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

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